FROM THE WORLD OF FABLEWOOD...

FICTION SQUAD™

NO. 2 OF 6

PAUL JENKINS & RAMON BACHS

BOOM! STUDIOS

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FROM THE WORLD OF FABLEWOOD...

FICTION SQUAD™

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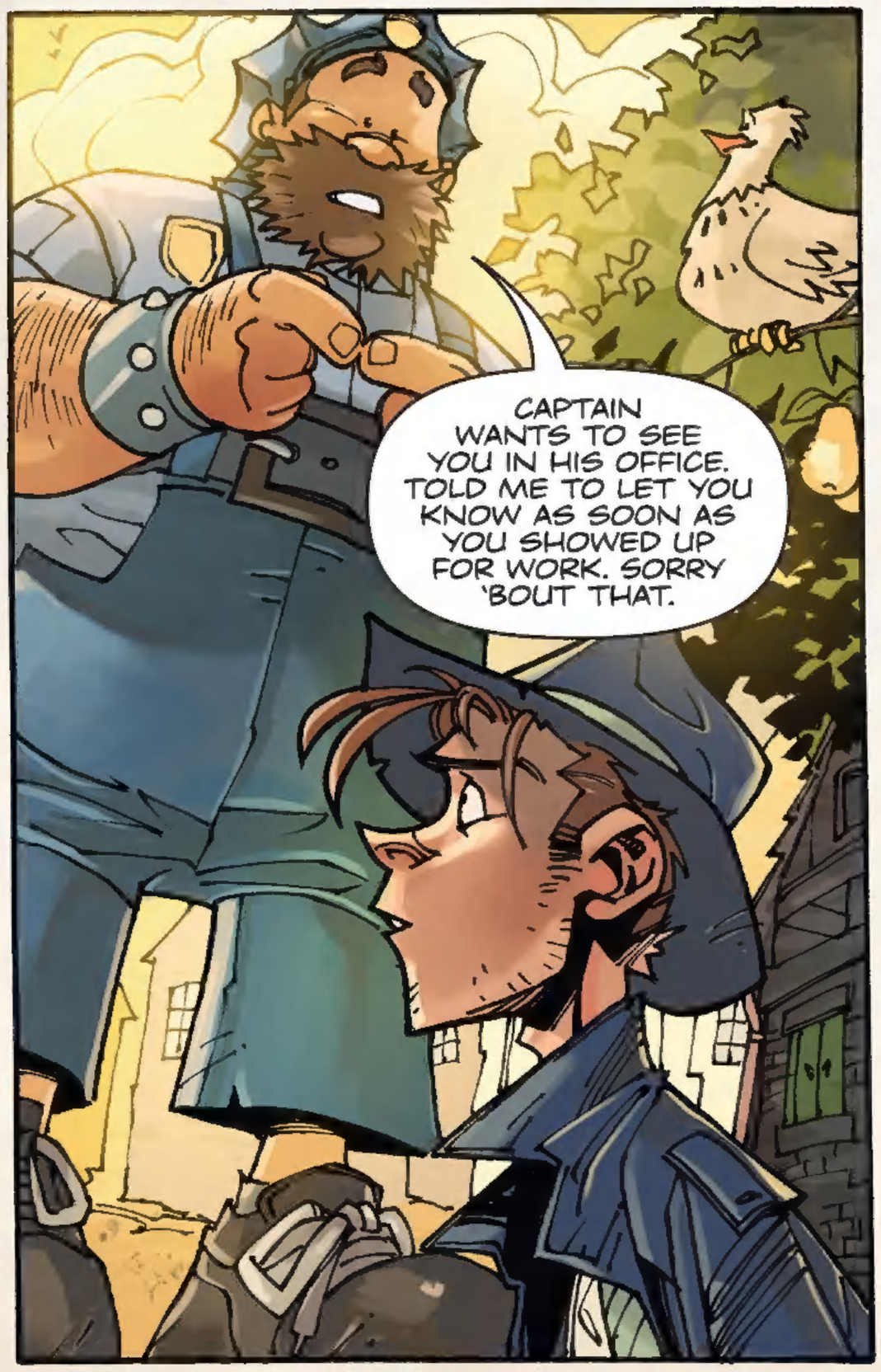
EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!
EASTSIDE WITCH CRUSHED BY FLYING HOUSE! POLICE BAFFLED!
The Tinker
Eastside Madonna in Underworld Takedown.

IN MY LINE OF WORK, YOU NEVER WANT YOUR DAY TO END WITH A BANG.

FICTIONAL PASTRIES
6½
PLUM PIES ½
CANDLE STICKS
THAT'S HOW IT ENDED LAST NIGHT FOR THE WICKED WITCH OF THE EASTSIDE. SHE FOUND HERSELF ASSUMING ROOM TEMPERATURE AFTER FIFTY TONS OF FLYING HOUSE LANDED ON HER HEAD.
THREE HUNDRED MUNCHKIN WITNESSES AND NOBODY SAW A THING.

OH, POLICE ARE BAFFLED, ALL RIGHT. TAKE YOURS TRULY, FOR EXAMPLE: DETECTIVE FRANKIE MACK OF THE RIMES P.D. I'M BAFFLED AS TO WHY I HAVEN'T TAKEN UP AN EASIER LINE OF WORK.
LIKE JABBERWOCKY WRESTLING.

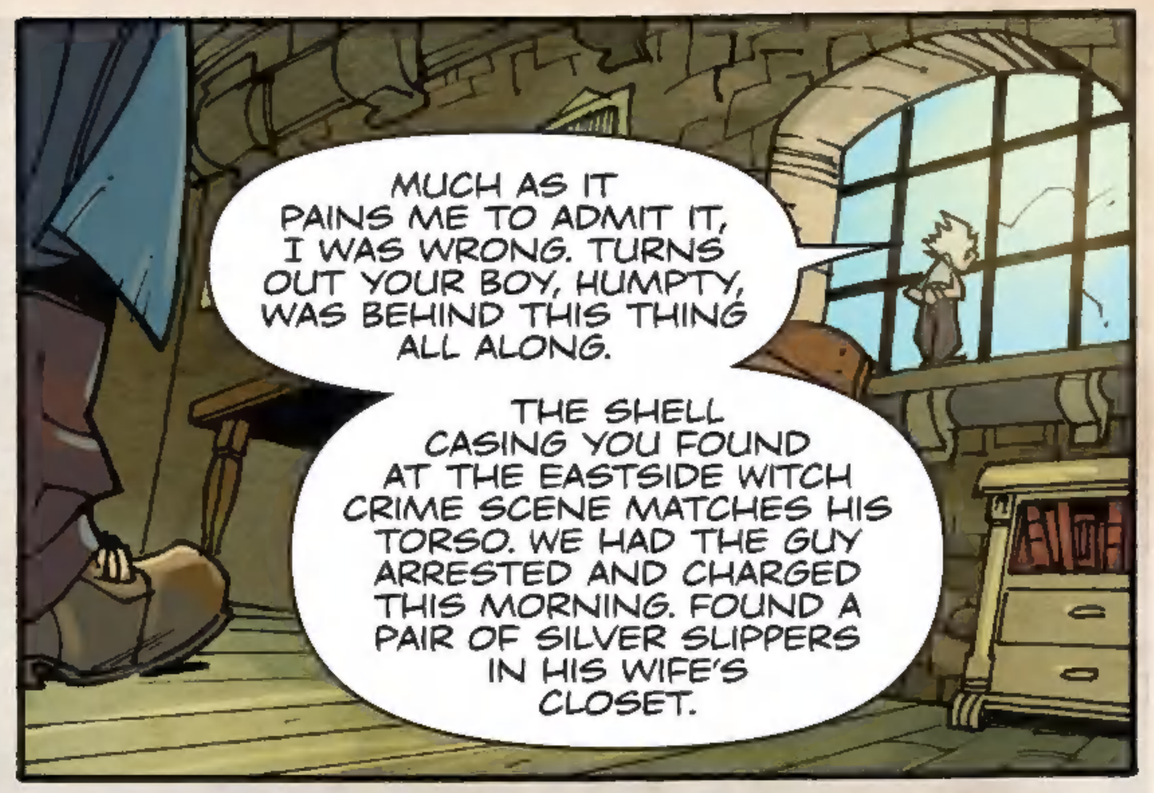
HIYA, FRANKIE. I HEARD SOMEBODY PUT THE EASTSIDE WITCH DOWN FOR A DIRT NAP.
HIYA, PHIL. YEAH. ROUGH NIGHT.


CAPTAIN WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE. TOLD ME TO LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS YOU SHOWED UP FOR WORK. SORRY 'BOUT THAT.

SKREE-AWW
SHADDUP.

SOMEBODY NEEDS TO CHOP DOWN THAT PEAR TREE OUT FRONT--
HIYA, FRANKIE. CHIEF SAYS HE NEEDS TO SEE US. DID WE MESS UP AGAIN?

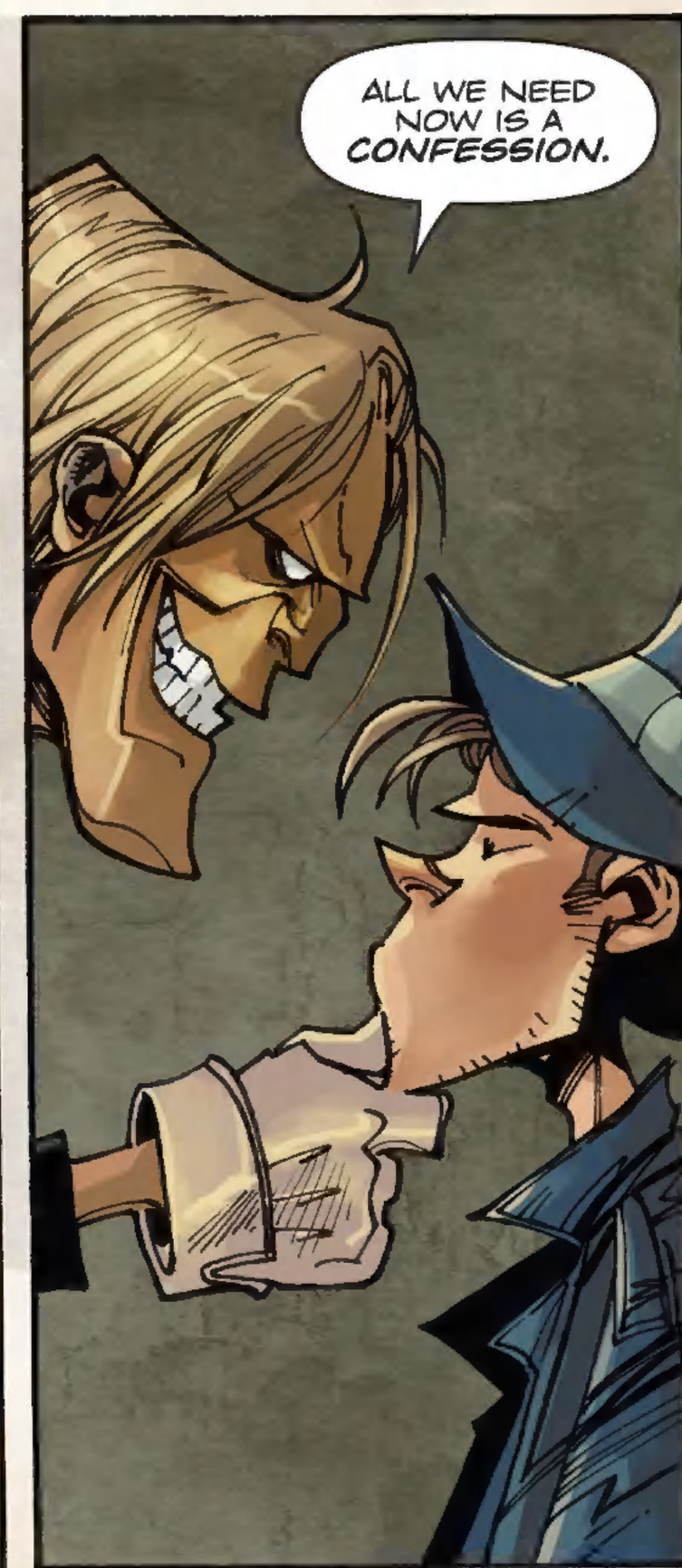
I DON'T KNOW, SIMON. JUST LET ME DO THE TALKING, OKAY?
CAPT. T. THUMB
OKEY-DOKEY.

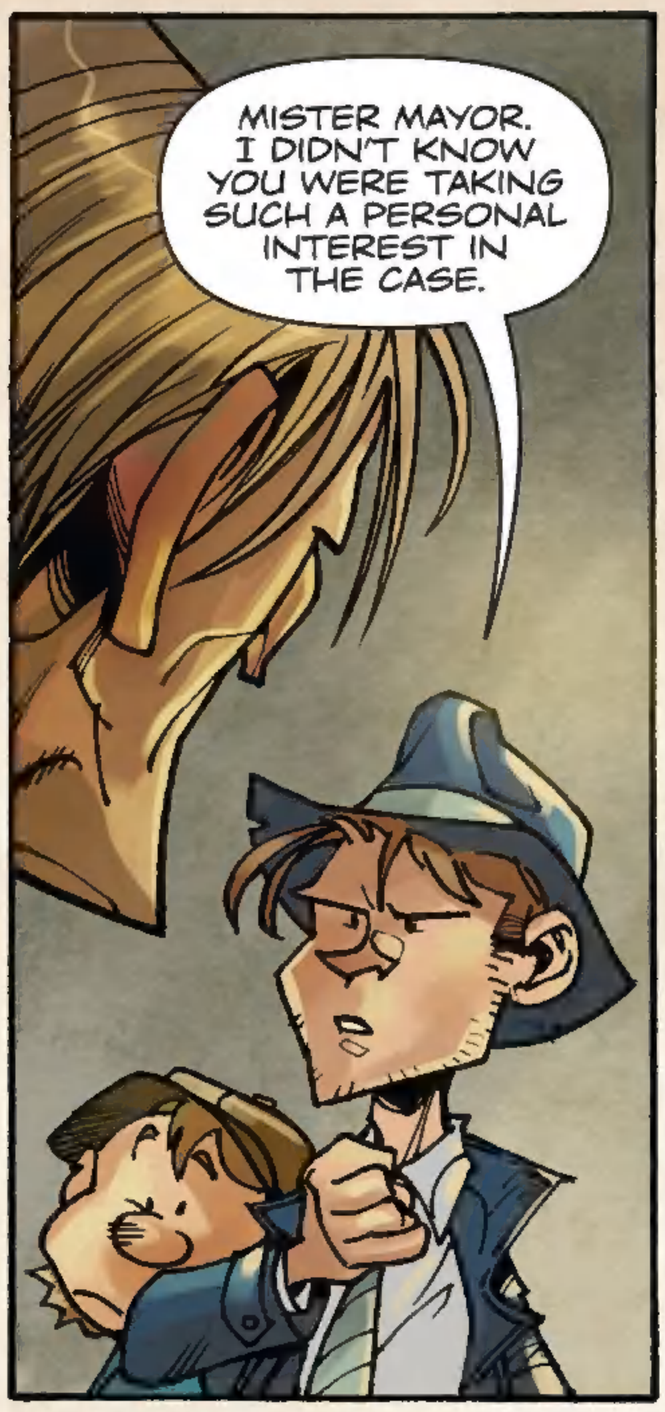

MUCH AS IT PAINS ME TO ADMIT IT, I WAS WRONG. TURNS OUT YOUR BOY, HUMPTY, WAS BEHIND THIS THING ALL ALONG.
THE SHELL CASING YOU FOUND AT THE EASTSIDE WITCH CRIME SCENE MATCHES HIS TORSO. WE HAD THE GUY ARRESTED AND CHARGED THIS MORNING. FOUND A PAIR OF SILVER SLIPPERS IN HIS WIFE'S CLOSET.

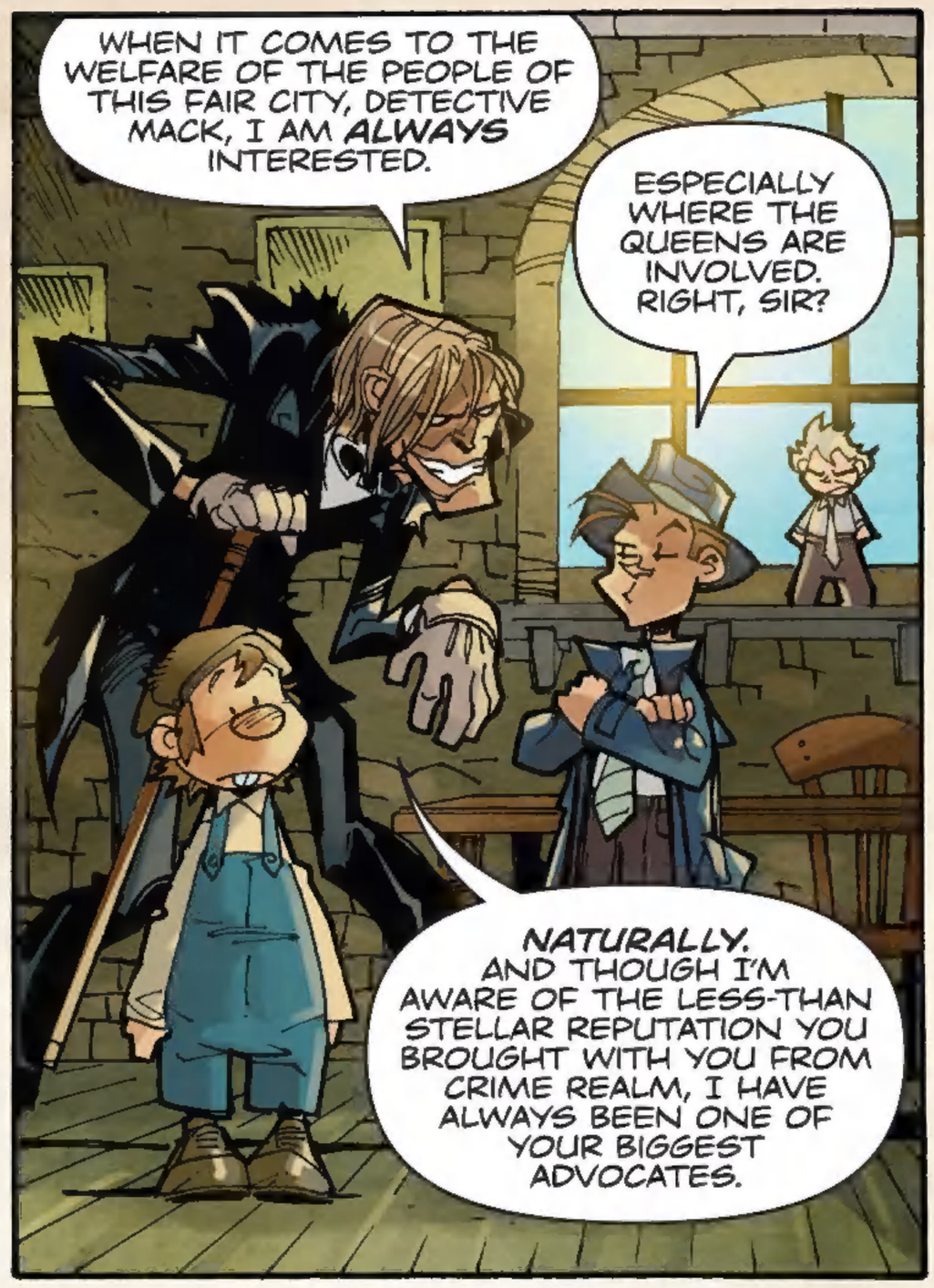
DO MY EARS DECEIVE ME, SIMON, OR DID OUR ILLUSTRIOUS CAPTAIN JUST SAY HE WAS WRONG?
UHM. I DIDN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT HE SAID.

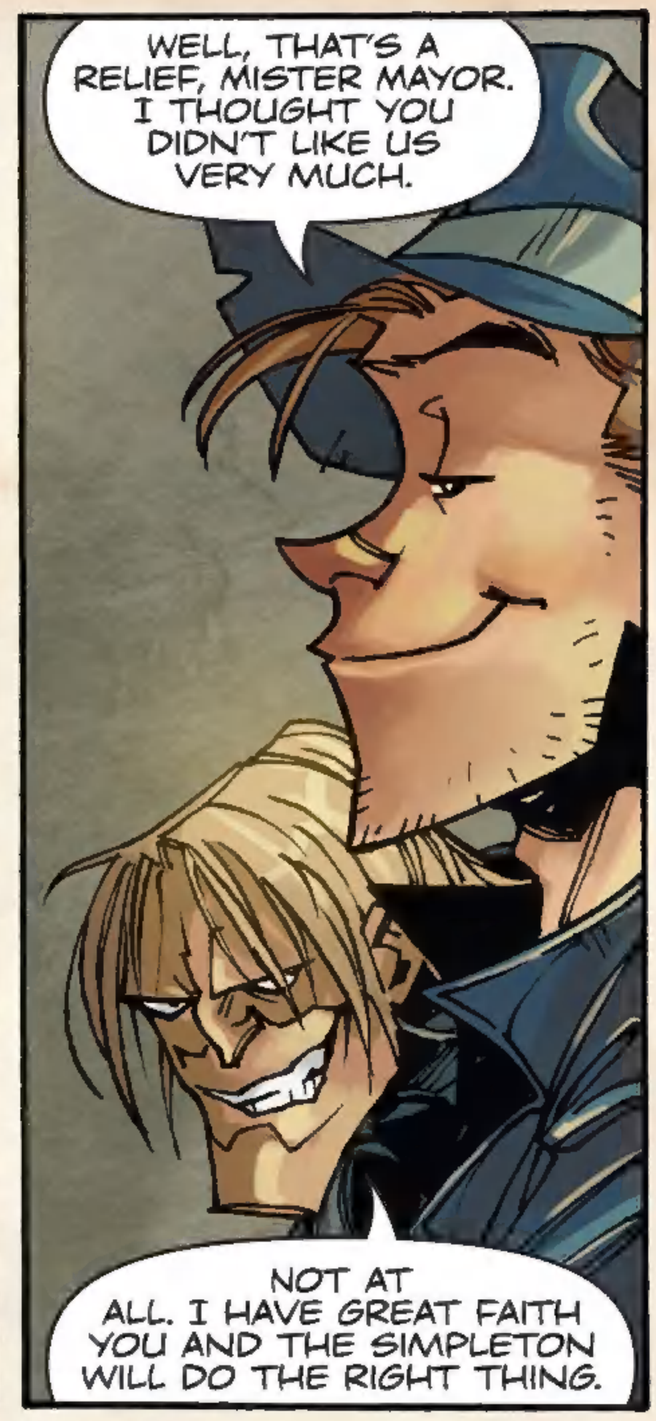
THE EASTSIDE WITCH CASE IS CLOSED, DETECTIVES.

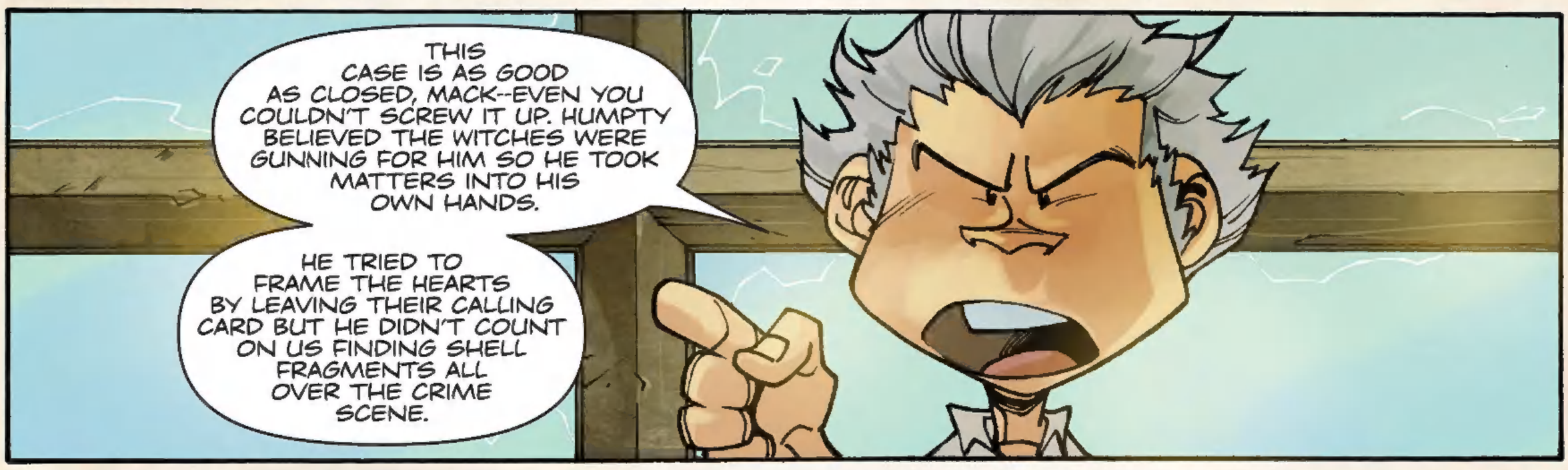
I'VE SPOKEN PERSONALLY WITH THE QUEEN OF HEARTS AND SHE ASSURES ME THE CARDS FULLY DISASSOCIATE THEMSELVES WITH MISTER DUMPTY'S ACTIONS.
WE HAVE OUR PRIME SUSPECT IN CUSTODY. THE EVIDENCE IS CLEAR.


ALL WE NEED NOW IS A CONFESSION.


MISTER MAYOR. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE TAKING SUCH A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE CASE.

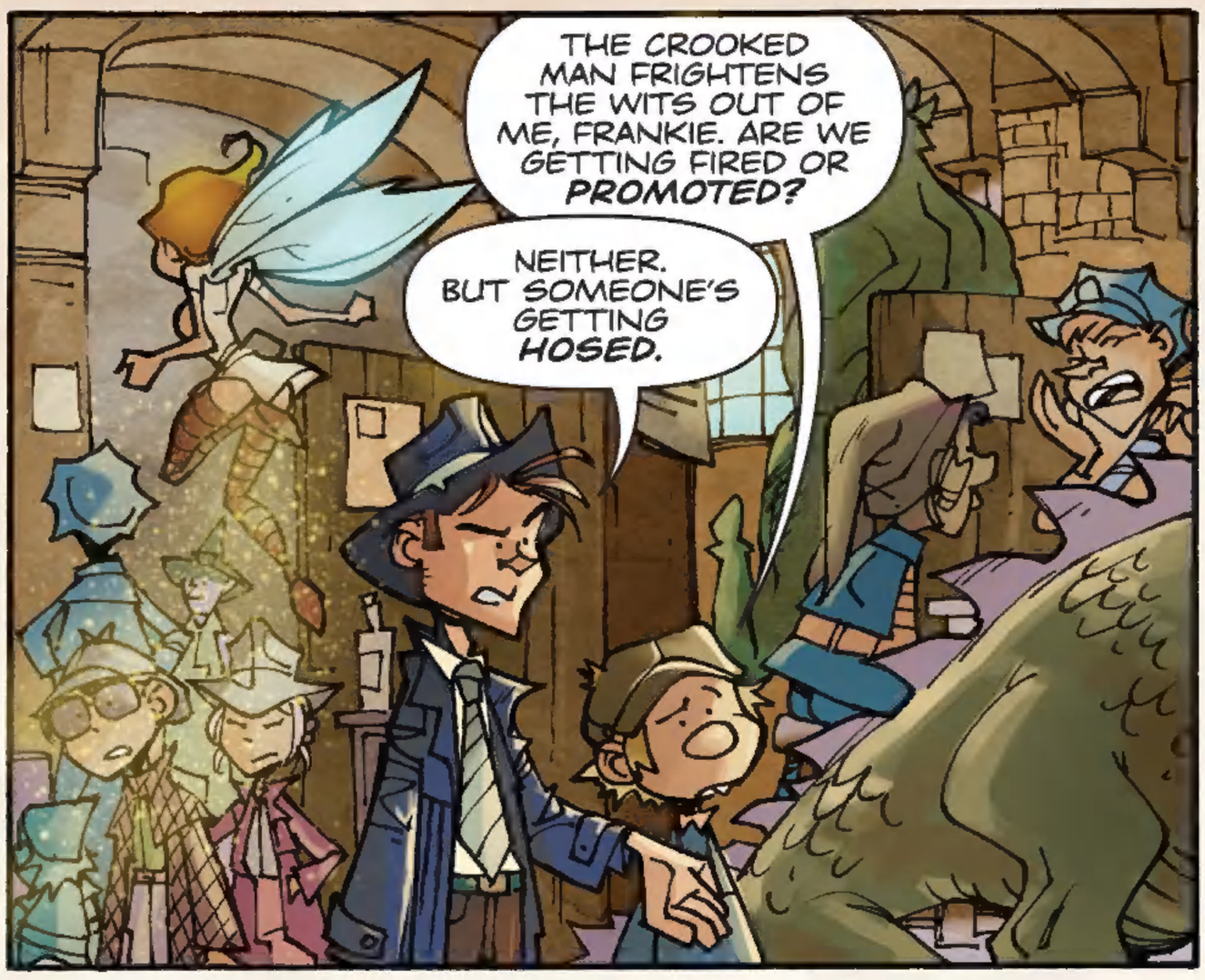

WHEN IT COMES TO THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE OF THIS FAIR CITY, DETECTIVE MACK, I AM ALWAYS INTERESTED.
ESPECIALLY WHERE THE QUEENS ARE INVOLVED. RIGHT, SIR?
NATURALLY. AND THOUGH I'M AWARE OF THE LESS-THAN STELLAR REPUTATION YOU BROUGHT WITH YOU FROM CRIME REALM, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF YOUR BIGGEST ADVOCATES.


WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF, MISTER MAYOR. I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LIKE US VERY MUCH.
NOT AT ALL. I HAVE GREAT FAITH YOU AND THE SIMPLETON WILL DO THE RIGHT THING.


THIS CASE IS AS GOOD AS CLOSED, MACK--EVEN YOU COULDN'T SCREW IT UP. HUMPTY BELIEVED THE WITCHES WERE GUNNING FOR HIM SO HE TOOK MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS.
HE TRIED TO FRAME THE HEARTS BY LEAVING THEIR CALLING CARD BUT HE DIDN'T COUNT ON US FINDING SHELL FRAGMENTS ALL OVER THE CRIME SCENE.

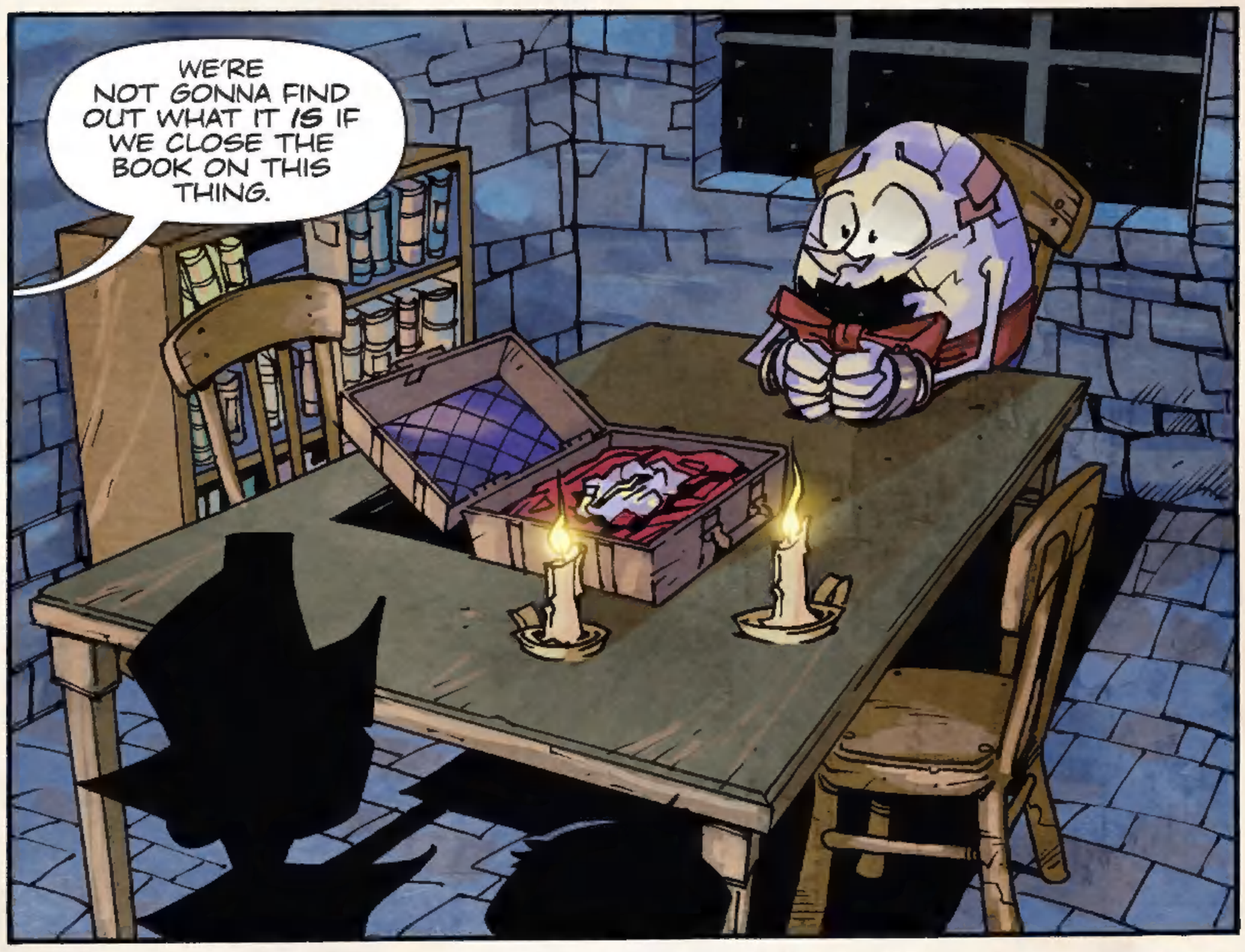
I EXPECT A FULL CONFESSION BY NOON.
YOU MAY DO WHATEVER IT IS YOU HAVE TO DO.

YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT, MISTER MAYOR. C'MON, SIMON--
HALLELUJAH!


THE CROOKED MAN FRIGHTENS THE WITS OUT OF ME, FRANKIE. ARE WE GETTING FIRED OR PROMOTED?
NEITHER. BUT SOMEONE'S GETTING HOSED.

MAYBE IT'S JUST ME, SIMON, BUT THEY GOT THIS THING WRAPPED UP SO NEATLY EVEN YOU COULD FIGURE IT OUT.
MEANWHILE, THE QUEENS AND THE WITCHES ARE ABOUT READY TO GO TO WAR. AN' NOBODY AROUND HERE WANTS TO ADMIT IT.

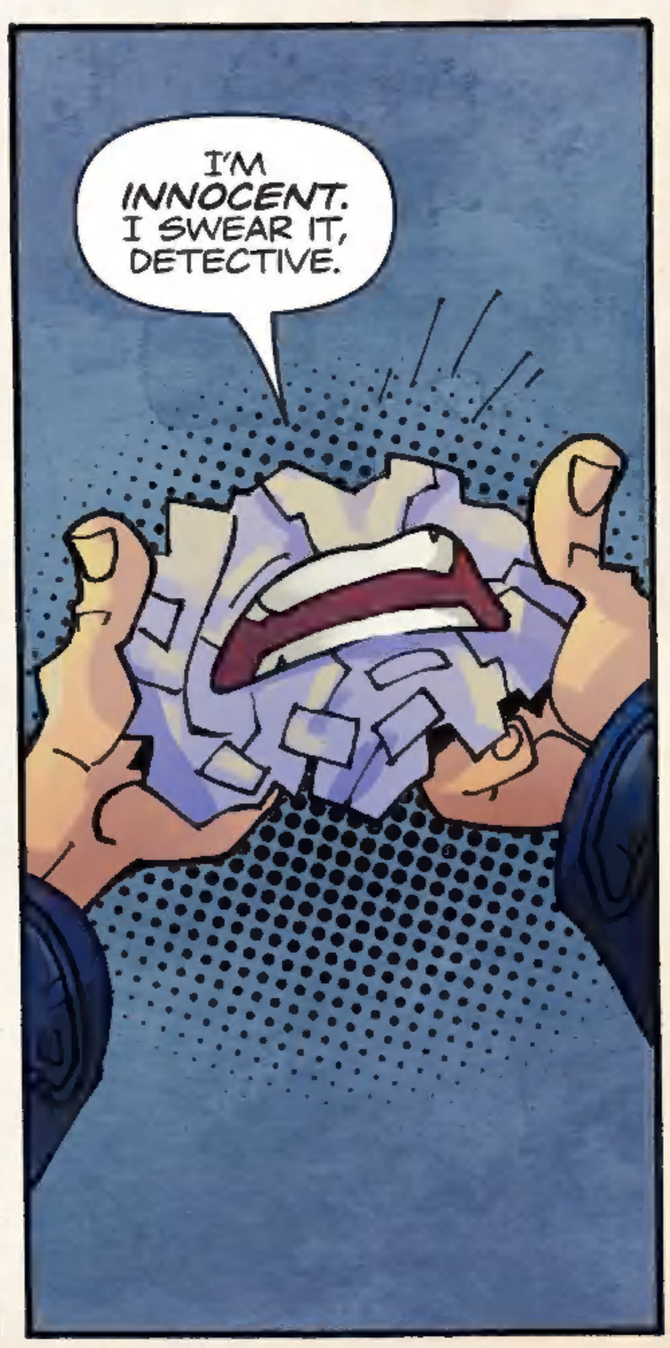
IF THE CROOKED MAN'S GOT HIS NOSE IN THIS, THERE'S SOMETHING WE'RE NOT BEING TOLD.
INTERROGATION

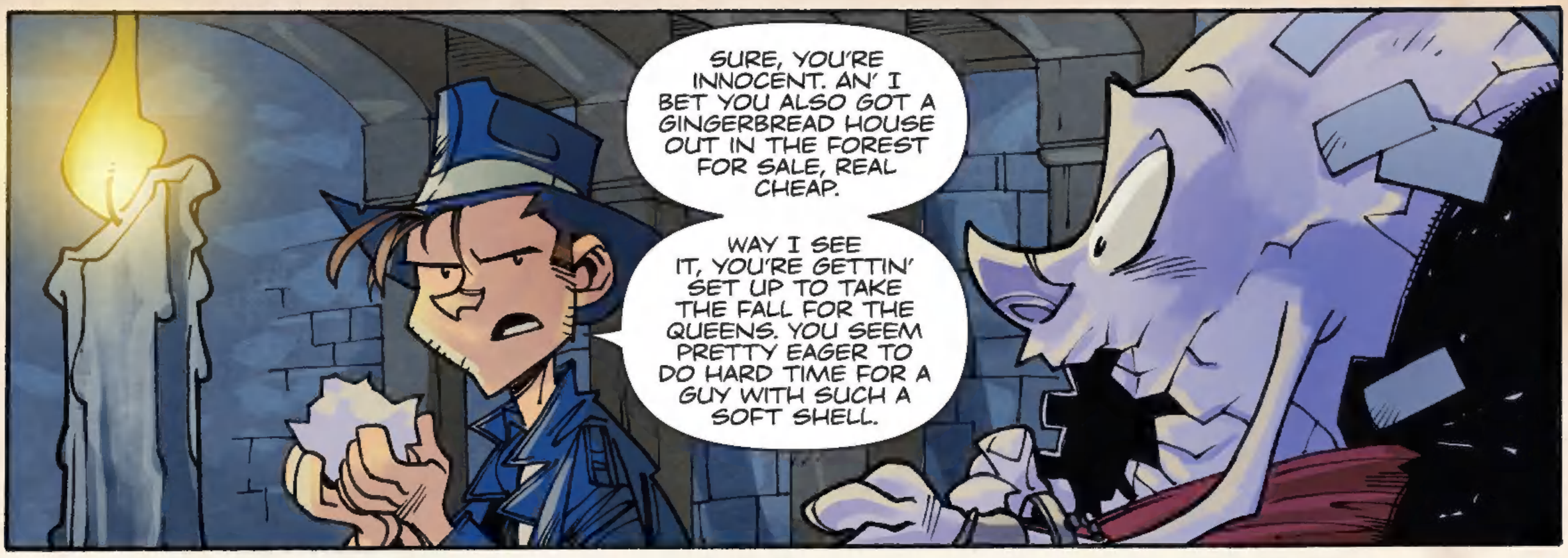

WE'RE NOT GONNA FIND OUT WHAT IT IS IF WE CLOSE THE BOOK ON THIS THING.

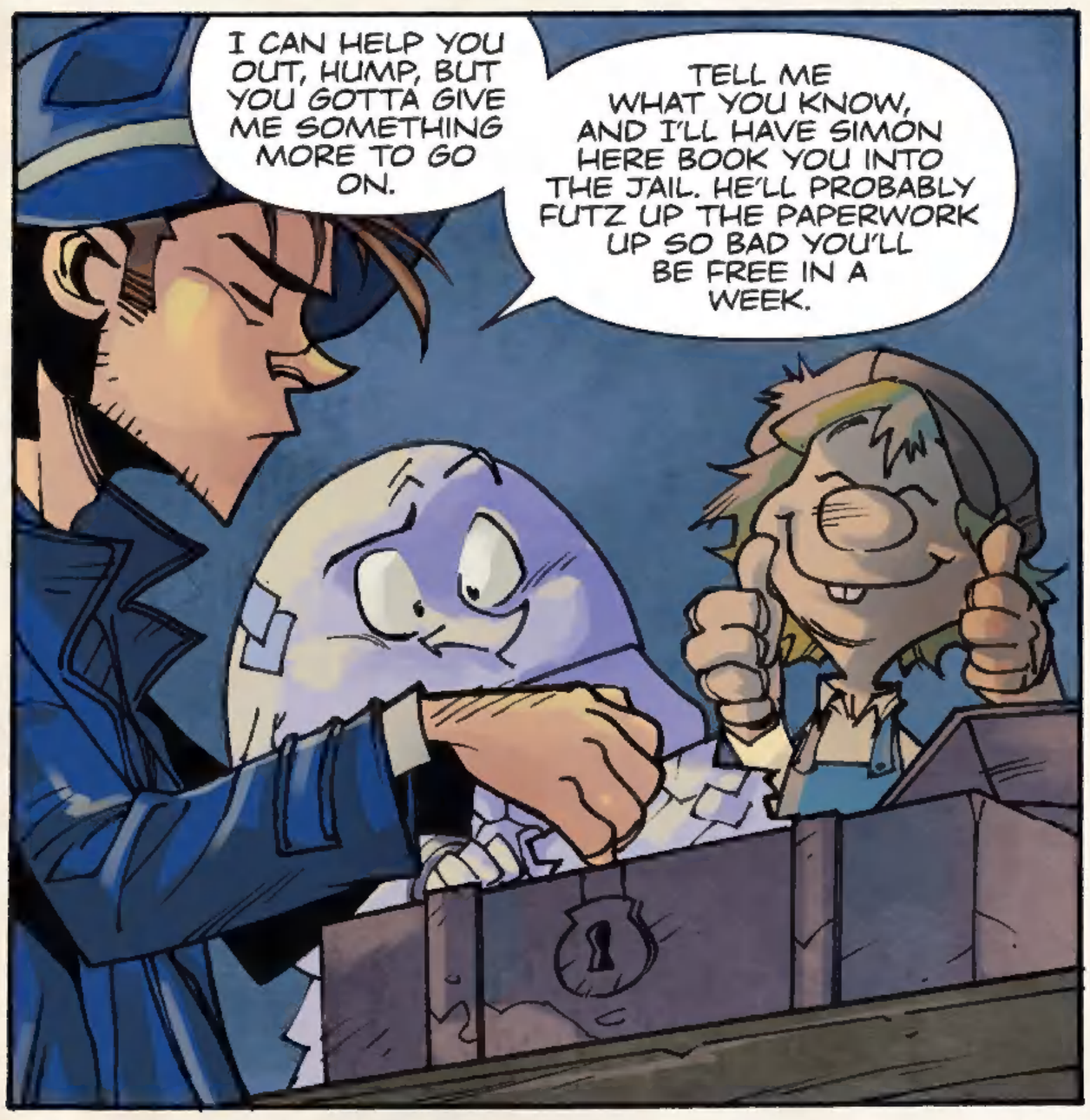
I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT, HUMP: IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD FOR YOU. WE GOT ONE SUSPECT IN THE DEATH OF THE EASTSIDE WITCH AN' HIS NAME RHYMES WITH "DUMPTY."
YOU'LL BE EQUALLY PLEASED TO LEARN THE QUEEN OF HEARTS JUST SOLD YOU DOWN THE RIVER. SO RIGHT NOW YOU'RE HALFWAY TO OZ WITHOUT A PADDLE.

NOW, WE'RE GONNA BOOK THESE PIECES OF YOUR SHELL CASING INTO EVIDENCE, SO YOU PROBABLY WON'T FEEL LIKE YOURSELF FOR A WHILE.
IF EVER THERE WAS A CHANCE FOR YOU TO SPILL THE BEANS, THIS IS IT.

I'M SERIOUS, HUMP: THE MOMENT I WALK OUT OF THIS DOOR, I'M EITHER WALKING OUT WITH A NEW LEAD OR A CONFESSION.
YOUR CHOICE.


I'M INNOCENT. I SWEAR IT, DETECTIVE.


SURE, YOU'RE INNOCENT. AN' I BET YOU ALSO GOT A GINGERBREAD HOUSE OUT IN THE FOREST FOR SALE, REAL CHEAP.
WAY I SEE IT, YOU'RE GETTIN' SET UP TO TAKE THE FALL FOR THE QUEENS. YOU SEEM PRETTY EAGER TO DO HARD TIME FOR A GUY WITH SUCH A SOFT SHELL.


I CAN HELP YOU OUT, HUMP, BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE ME SOMETHING MORE TO GO ON.
TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW, AND I'LL HAVE SIMON HERE BOOK YOU INTO THE JAIL. HE'LL PROBABLY FUTZ UP THE PAPERWORK UP SO BAD YOU'LL BE FREE IN A WEEK.

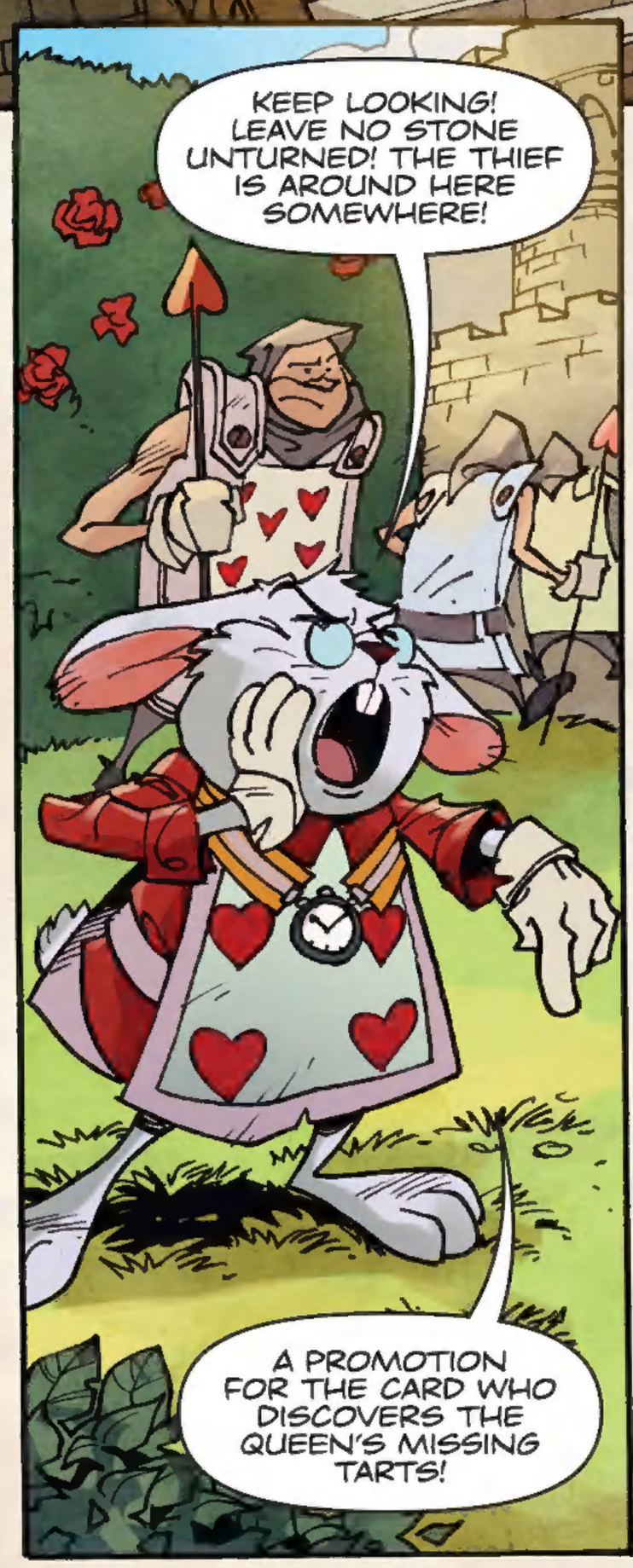
OKAY...OKAY! LAST GUY I TALKED TO WAS THE KNAVE OF HEARTS. HE TOLD ME THE QUEENS WERE GETTING REAL UPSET WITH THE WITCHES ABOUT SOMETHING.
IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH AN EGG. BUT HE NEVER SAID WHAT IT WAS. THAT'S ALL I KNOW! I SWEAR!

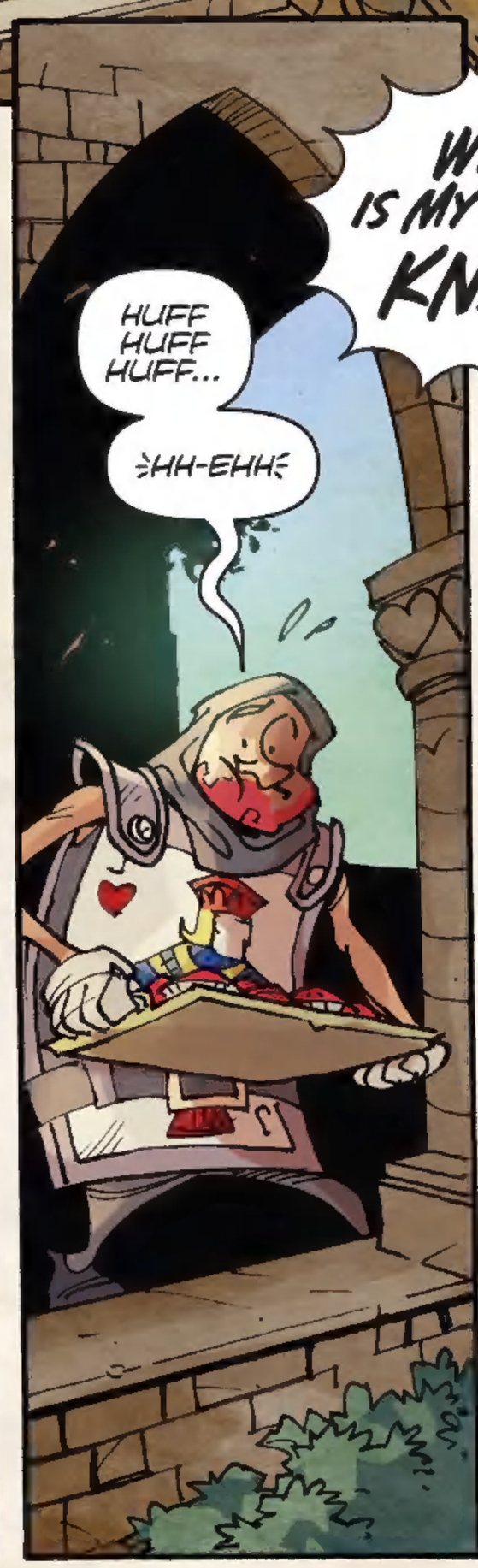
I'LL LOOK INTO IT. SIMON'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FROM HERE ON OUT.
NO, WAIT! I TOLD YOU, I'M INNOCENT--

SLAM

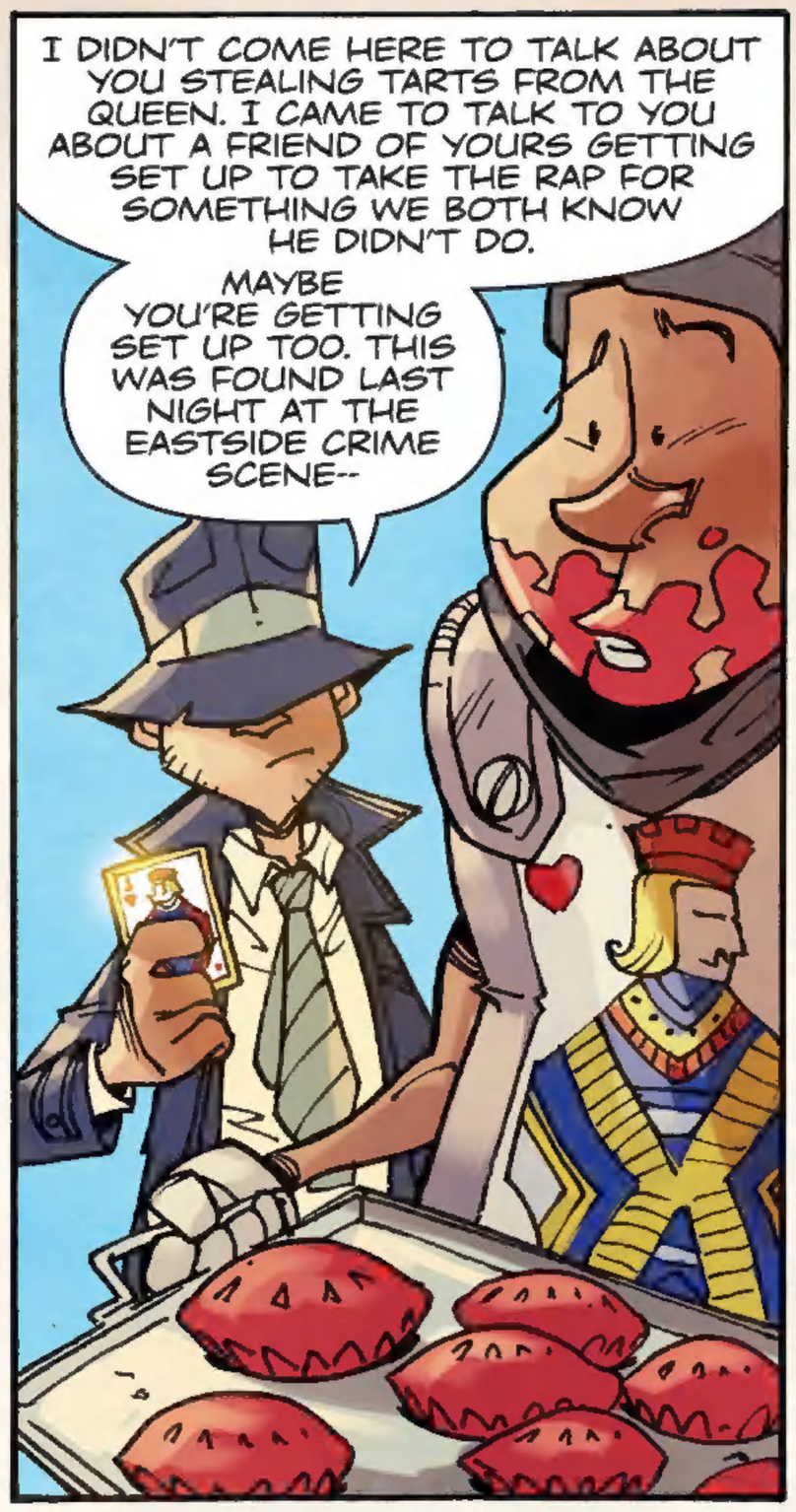
SORRY, HUMP. MY BOSSES NEED TO THINK YOU'RE ON THE HOOK. GOTTA BEAR WITH ME WHILE I FIGURE THIS ALL OUT.
CASE CLOSED.

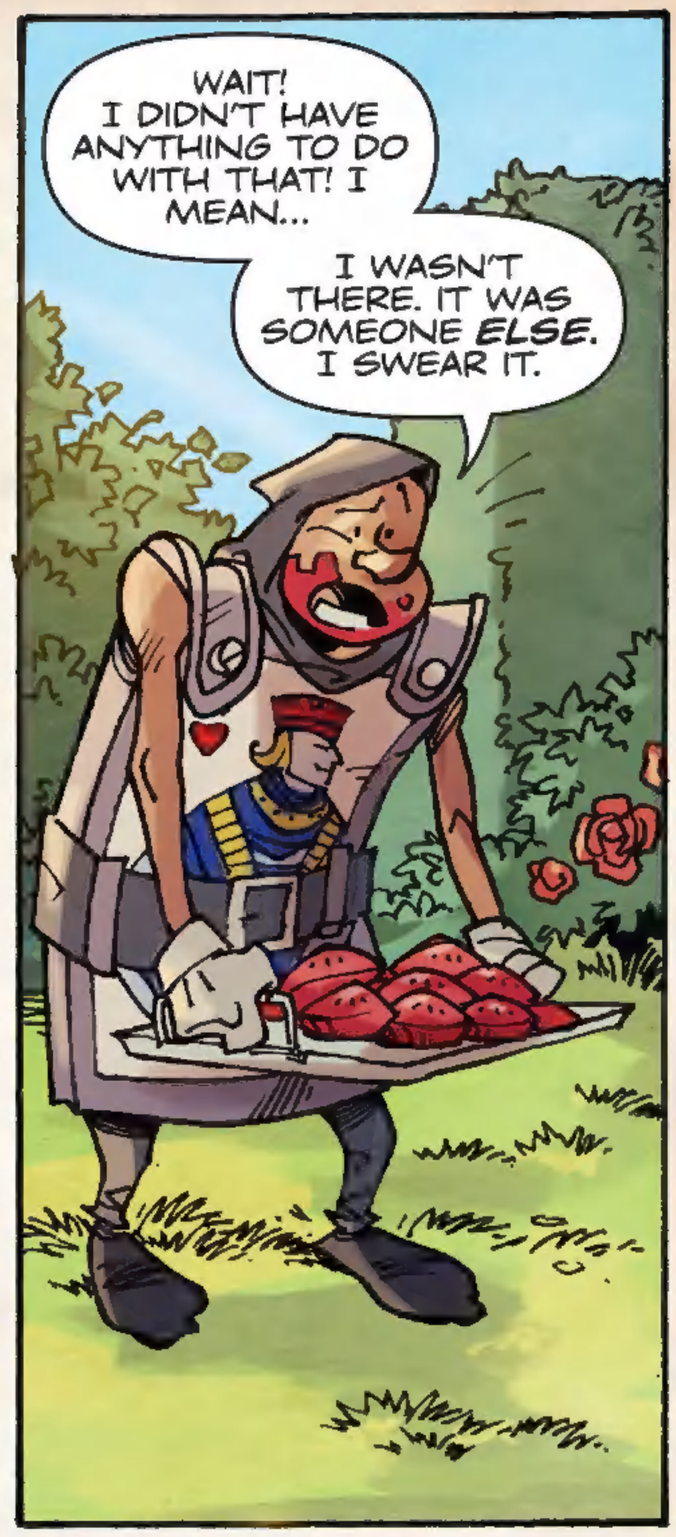
WHERE ARE MY TARTS?!

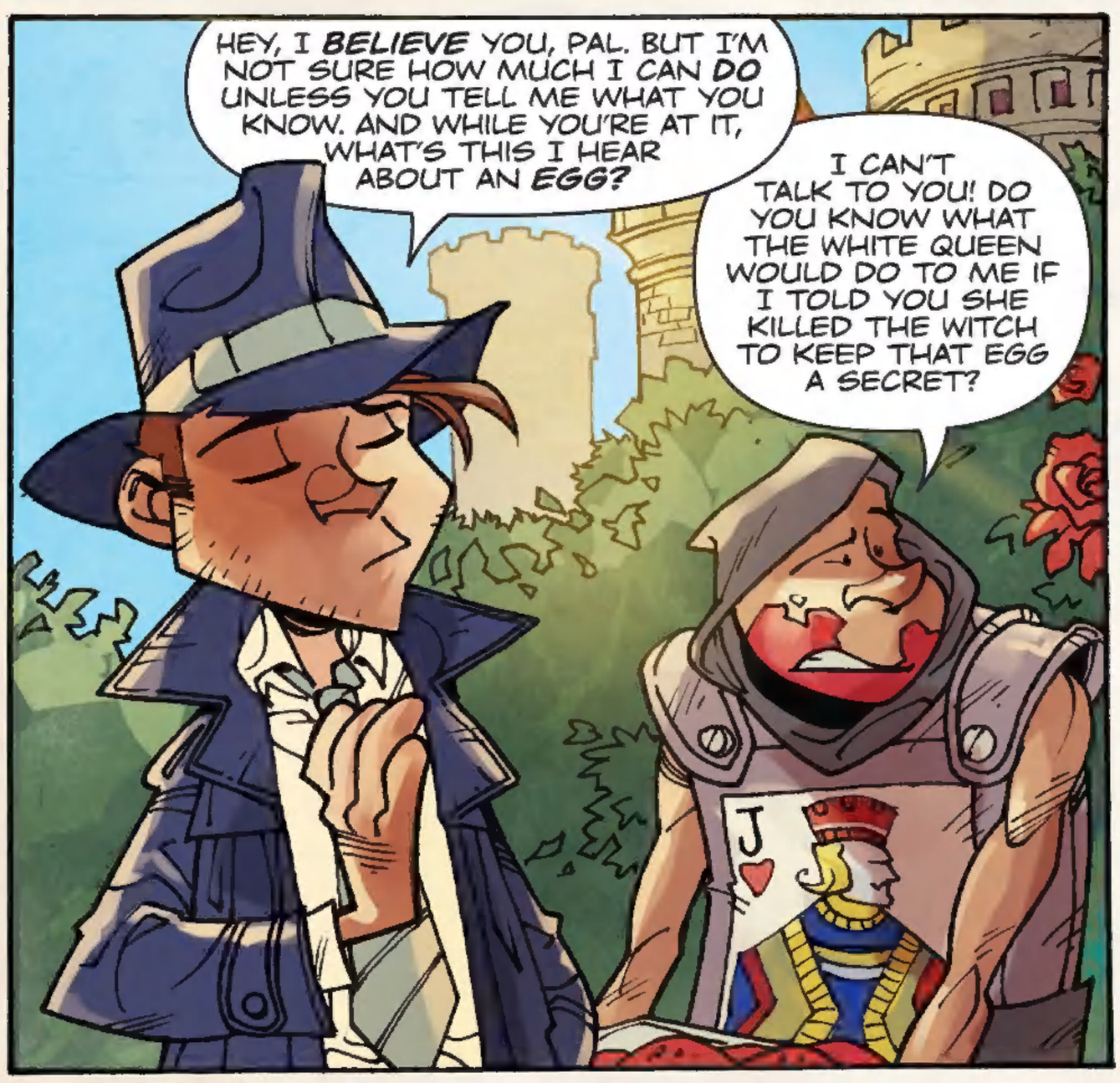




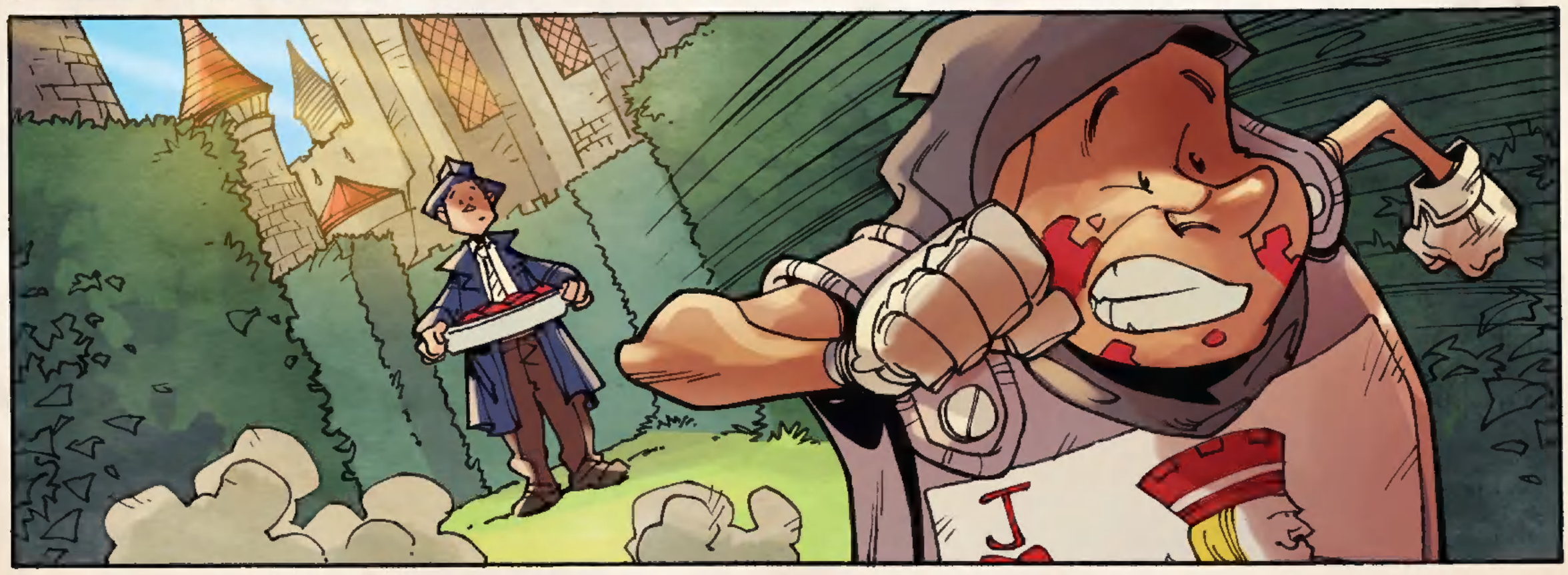
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. I'M MERELY DELIVERING THESE PIES I FOUND BACK TO THEIR RIGHTFUL OWNER--
SURE YOU ARE. YOU'D BETTER WASH THE RASPBERRY STAINS OFF YOUR FACE WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.


I DIDN'T COME HERE TO TALK ABOUT YOU STEALING TARTS FROM THE QUEEN. I CAME TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A FRIEND OF YOURS GETTING SET UP TO TAKE THE RAP FOR SOMETHING WE BOTH KNOW HE DIDN'T DO.
MAYBE YOU'RE GETTING SET UP TOO. THIS WAS FOUND LAST NIGHT AT THE EASTSIDE CRIME SCENE--

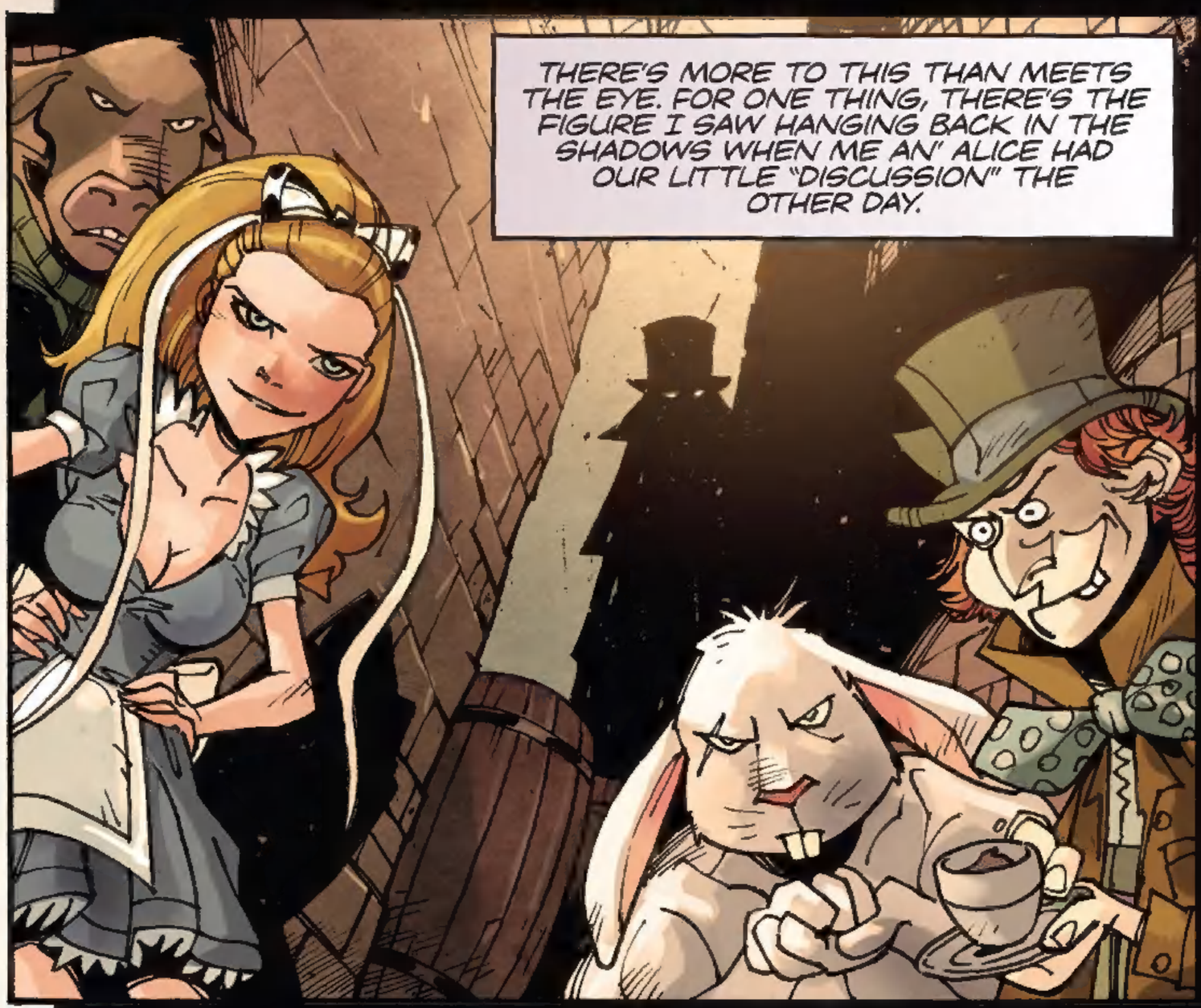

WAIT! I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT! I MEAN...
I WASN'T THERE. IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE. I SWEAR IT.

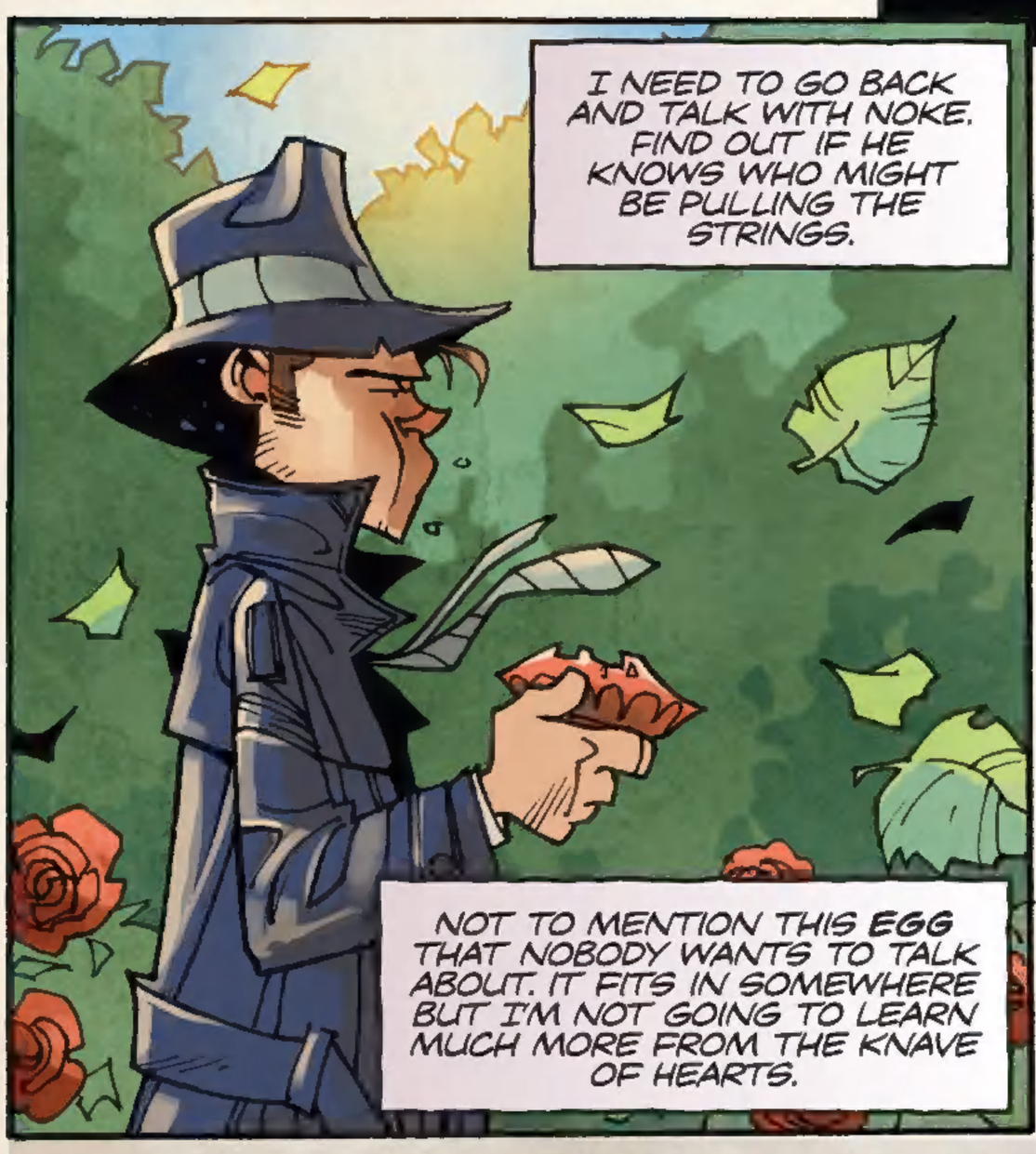

HEY, I BELIEVE YOU, PAL. BUT I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH I CAN DO UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW. AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT AN EGG?
I CAN'T TALK TO YOU! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE WHITE QUEEN WOULD DO TO ME IF I TOLD YOU SHE KILLED THE WITCH TO KEEP THAT EGG A SECRET?

IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, I THINK YOU PRETTY MUCH JUST TOLD ME.
NO I DIDN'T. HERE, HOLD THIS--

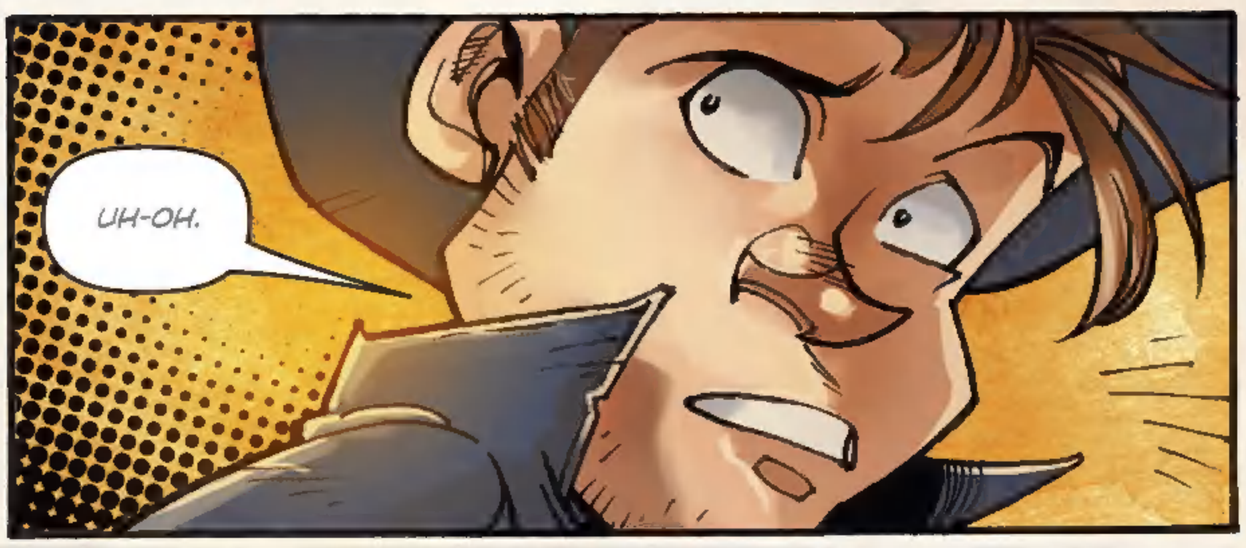


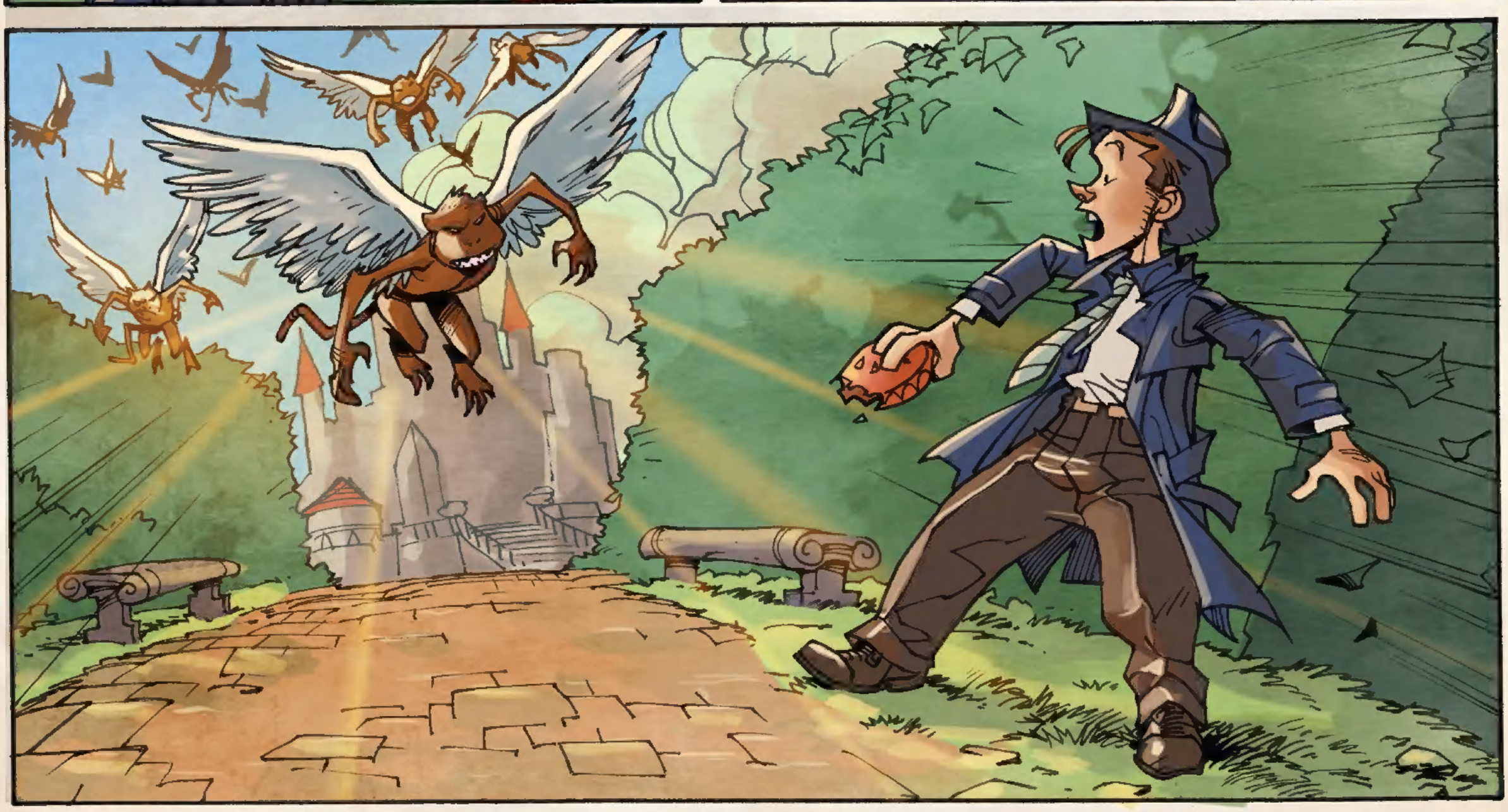
WELL...
...MFF... SMEK
...THAT WAS A PIECE OF CAKE.


THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE. FOR ONE THING, THERE'S THE FIGURE I SAW HANGING BACK IN THE SHADOWS WHEN ME AN' ALICE HAD OUR LITTLE "DISCUSSION" THE OTHER DAY.

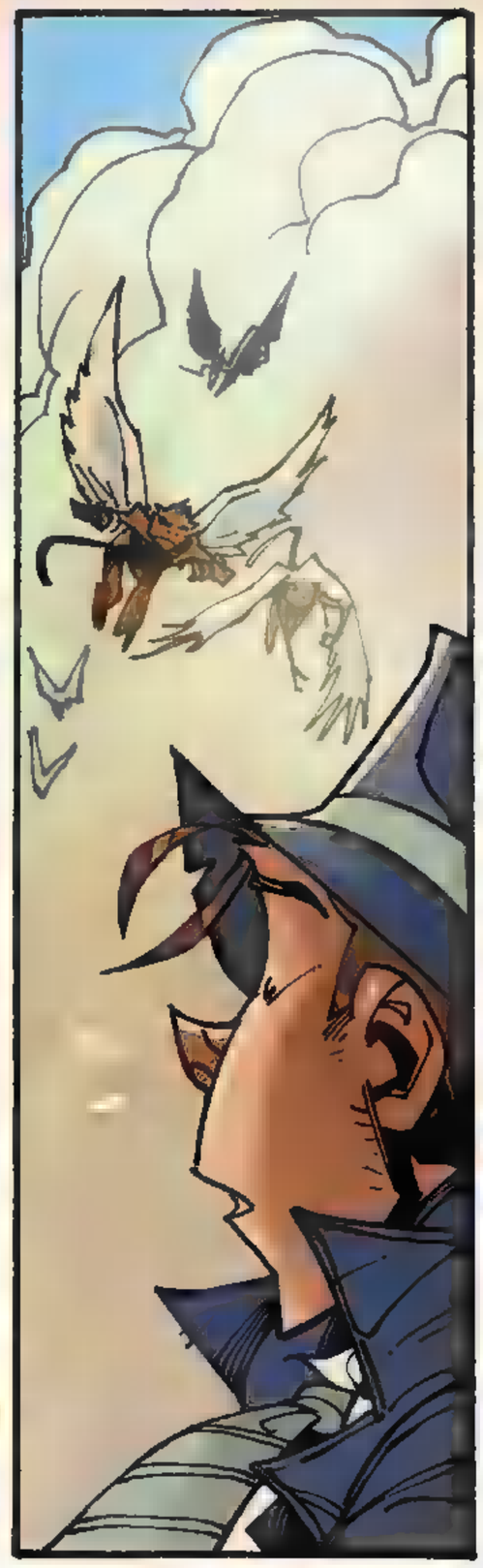

I NEED TO GO BACK AND TALK WITH NOKE. FIND OUT IF HE KNOWS WHO MIGHT BE PULLING THE STRINGS.
NOT TO MENTION THIS EGG THAT NOBODY WANTS TO TALK ABOUT. IT FITS IN SOMEWHERE BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LEARN MUCH MORE FROM THE KNAVE OF HEARTS.

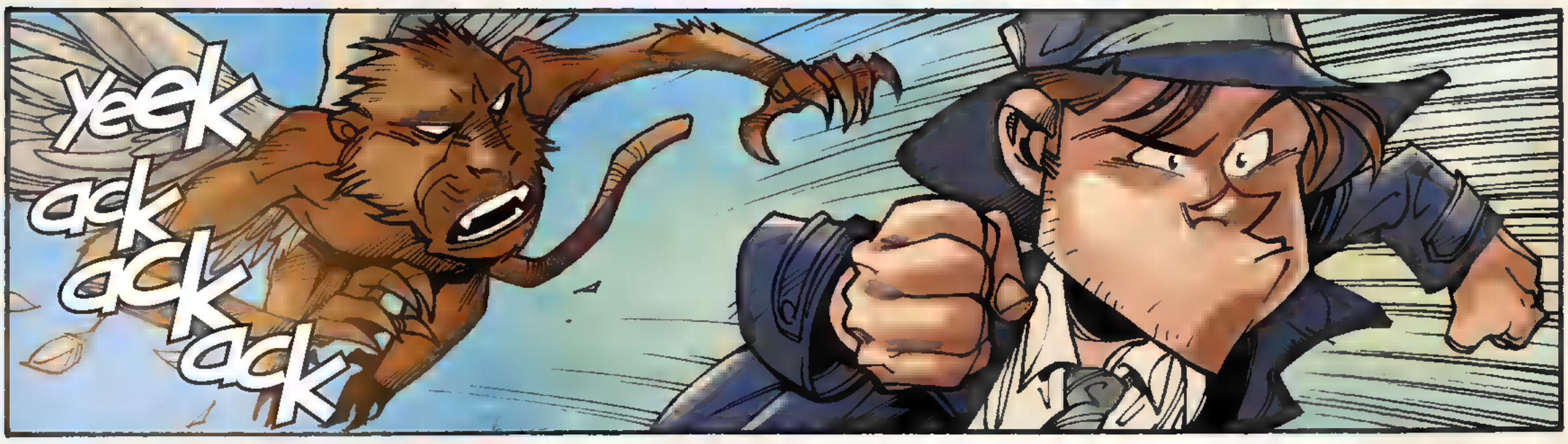
WHATEVER HAPPENS NEXT IS PROBABLY UP TO ME.


UH-OH.



FWOOSH
HEY!



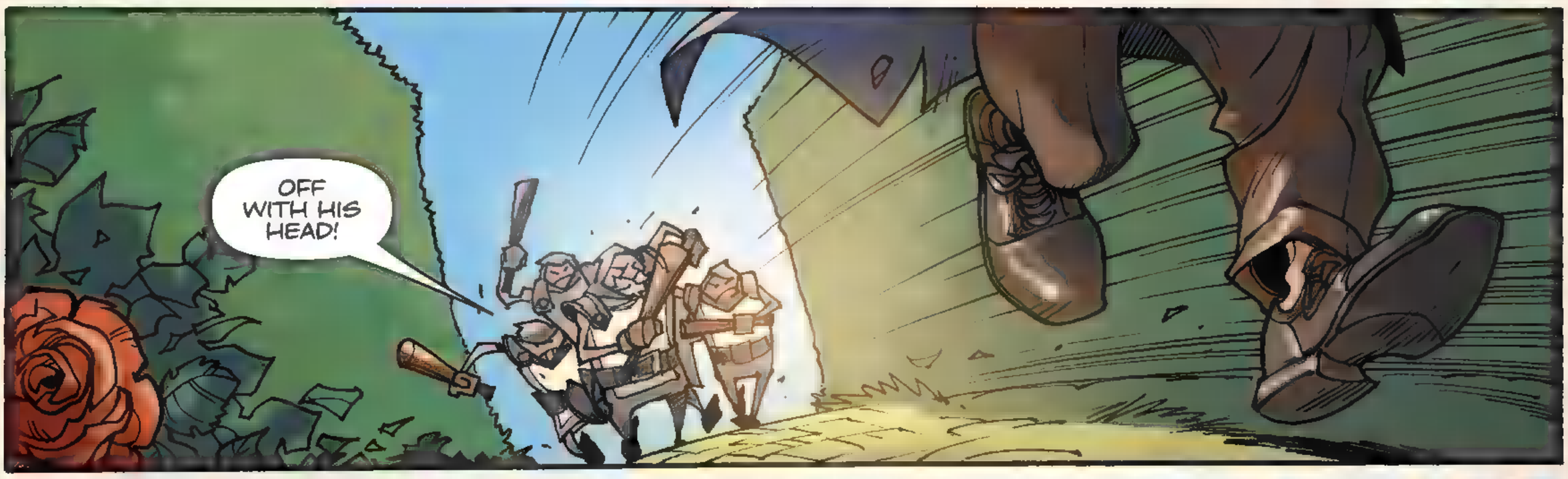

yeek
ack
ack
ack

AHH-UHH!

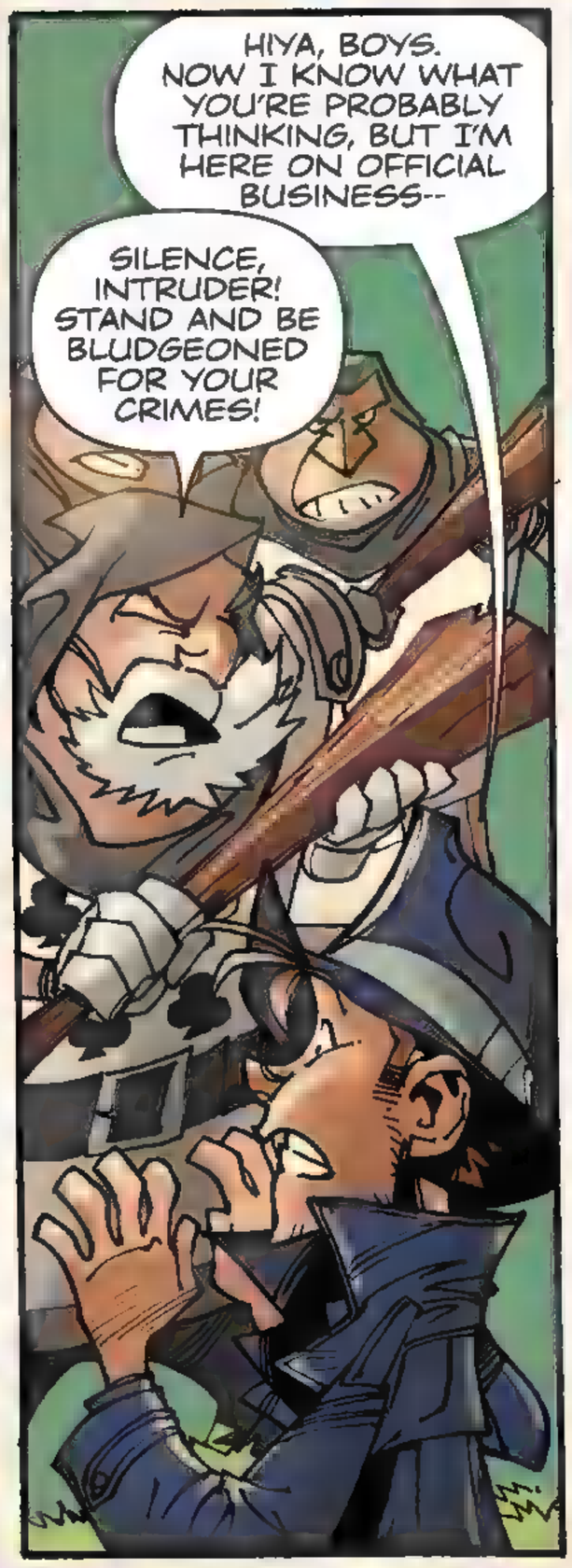
HISSSSSS

TO ARMS! TO ARMS! AN *INTRUDER!*

OVER THERE! THAT MUST BE THE ONE WHO STOLE THE TARTS!

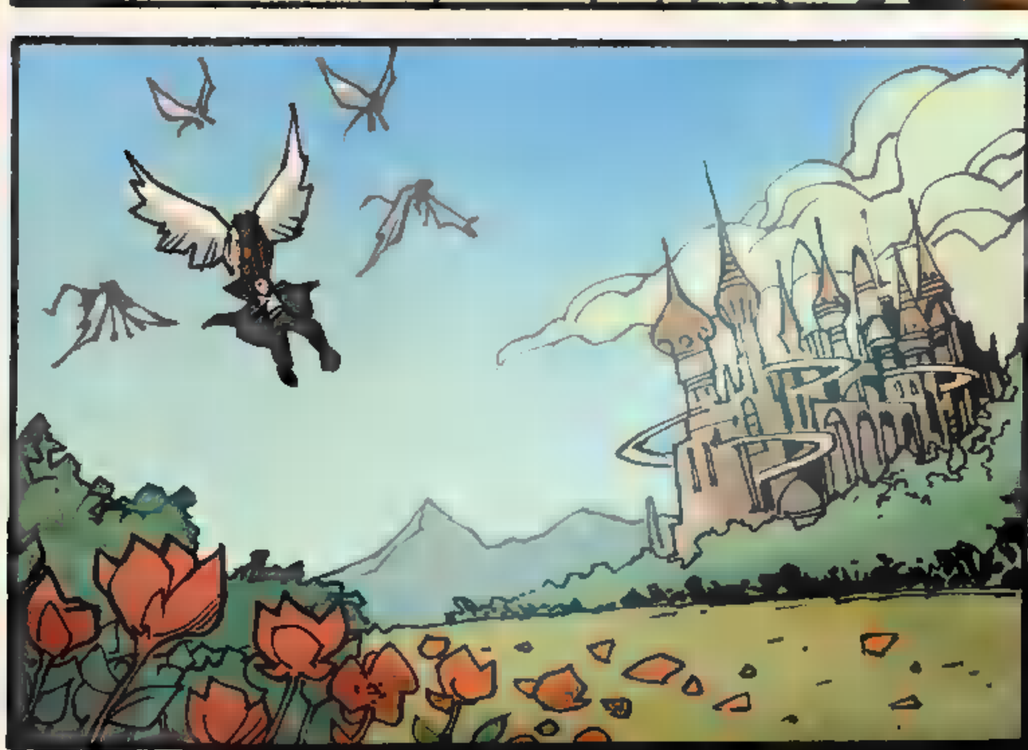

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

AW, NO!


HIYA, BOYS. NOW I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING, BUT I'M HERE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS--
SILENCE, INTRUDER! STAND AND BE BLUDGEONED FOR YOUR CRIMES!

HEY! LET GO OF ME, YOU BIG APE!

POLICEMAN BIG MOUTH. SMALL BRAIN.
LET POLICEMAN GO. POLICEMAN GO BOOM.

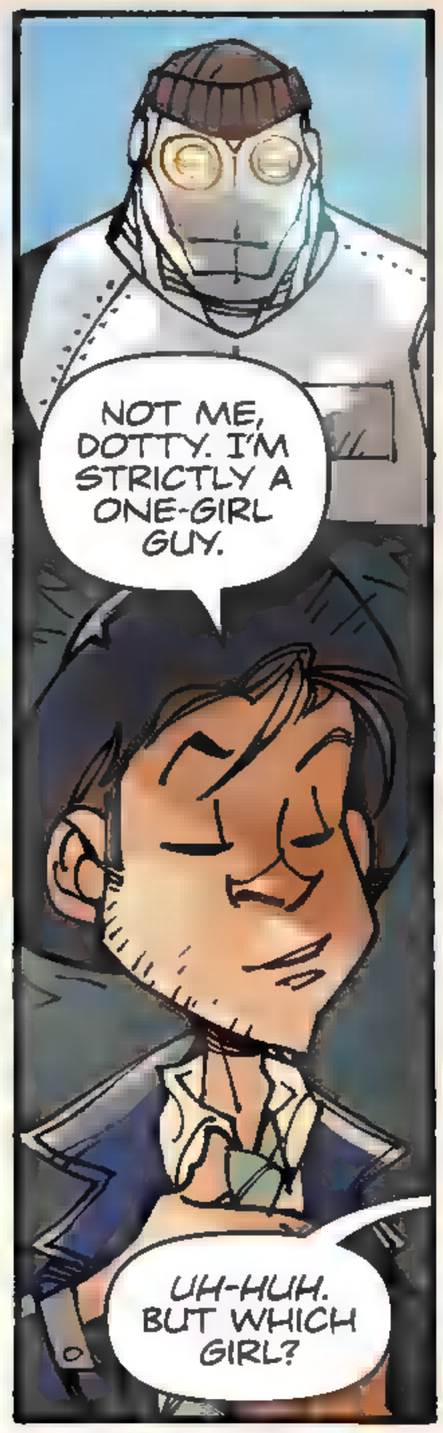


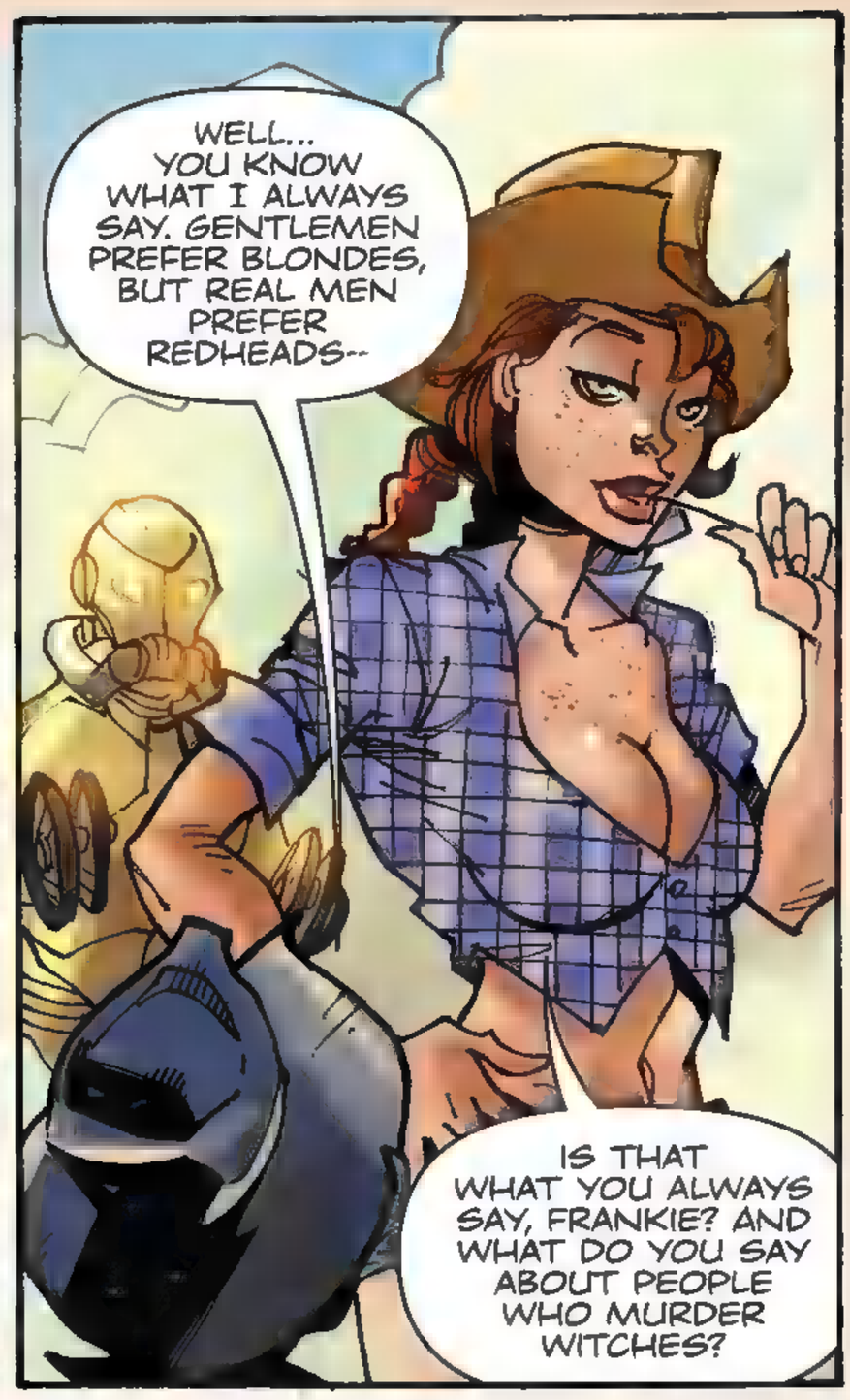
OWF!

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, YOU BIG BABOONS! COME BACK HERE AND FIGHT!
WHASSAMATTER? YOU SCARED OF A LITTLE FRANKIE MACK KNUCKLE SANDWICH?

NOPE.

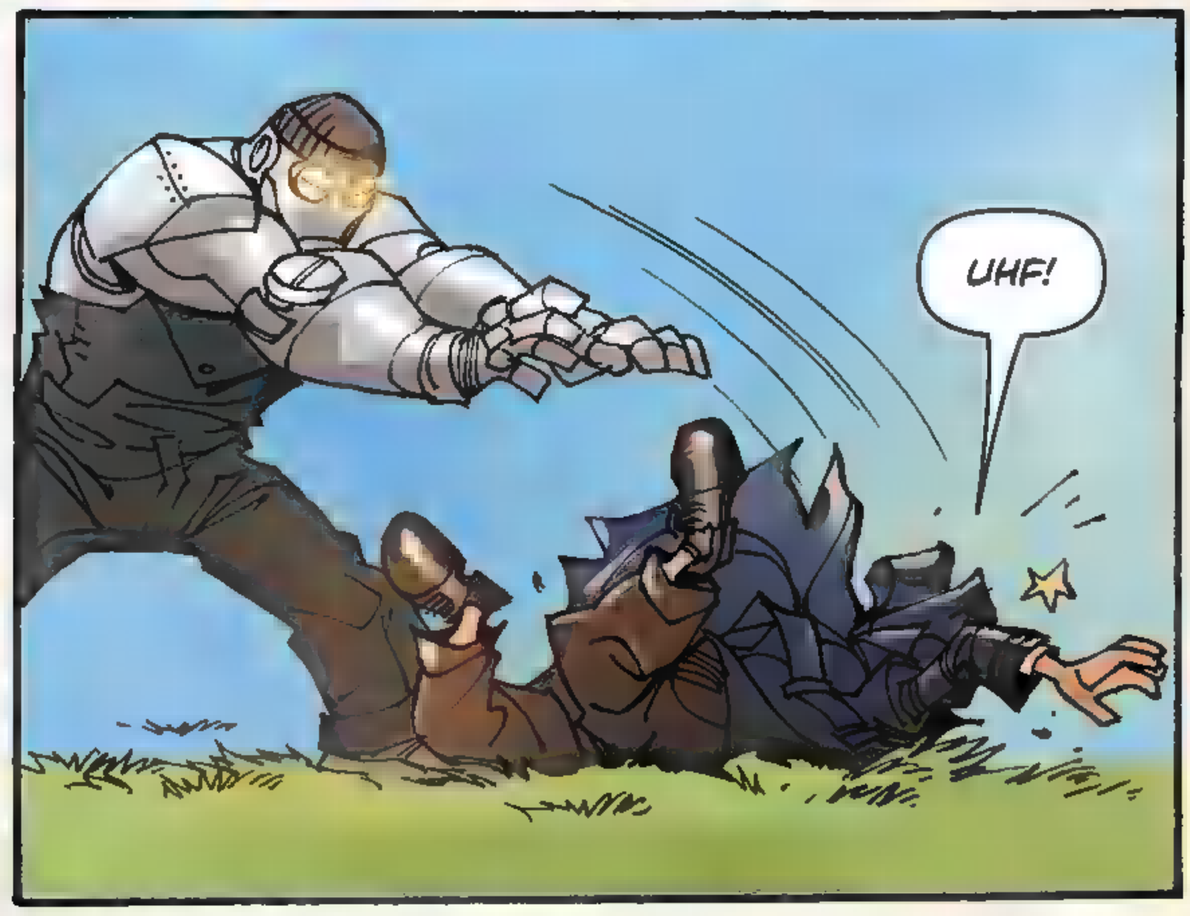
I HEARD YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING TIME WITH *ALICE*, FRANKIE. YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO MAKE A GIRL JEALOUS, ARE YOU?


NOT ME, DOTTY. I'M STRICTLY A ONE-GIRL GUY.
UH-HUH. BUT WHICH GIRL?


WELL... YOU KNOW WHAT I ALWAYS SAY. GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES, BUT REAL MEN PREFER REDHEADS--
IS THAT WHAT YOU ALWAYS SAY, FRANKIE? AND WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT PEOPLE WHO MURDER WITCHES?

I CAN'T TALK TO ANYONE ABOUT AN OPEN CASE, DOTTY. YOU KNOW THAT. CAPTAIN'S ORDERS: MY HANDS ARE TIED.

OW! HEY!


UHF!

HOW ABOUT I LET TIK-TOK RIP YOUR ARMS OFF FOR *LYING* TO ME?
THEN YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY HANDS AT ALL.

LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN, FRANKIE. THE POLAR WITCHES WANT TO KNOW WHO KILLED THEIR SISTER.

IF TIK-TOK DOESN'T LIKE YOUR ANSWER, HE'S GOING TO RIP YOUR HEAD OFF. YOU KNOW I CAN'T CONTROL HIM WHEN HE GETS IN ONE OF HIS TEMPERS.

OKAY, STRAIGHT UP: THEY'RE TRYING TO PIN THIS THING ON HUMPTY. BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT FOR A SECOND.

THERE'S SOMEONE WORKING WITH ALICE AND THE CARDS...SOMEONE BEHIND THE CURTAIN. YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SOME MYSTERY GUY, WOULD YOU?

NOT TOO *KIND* ARE WE, MISTER COPPER. NOT TO LYING *SHIFTIES.*

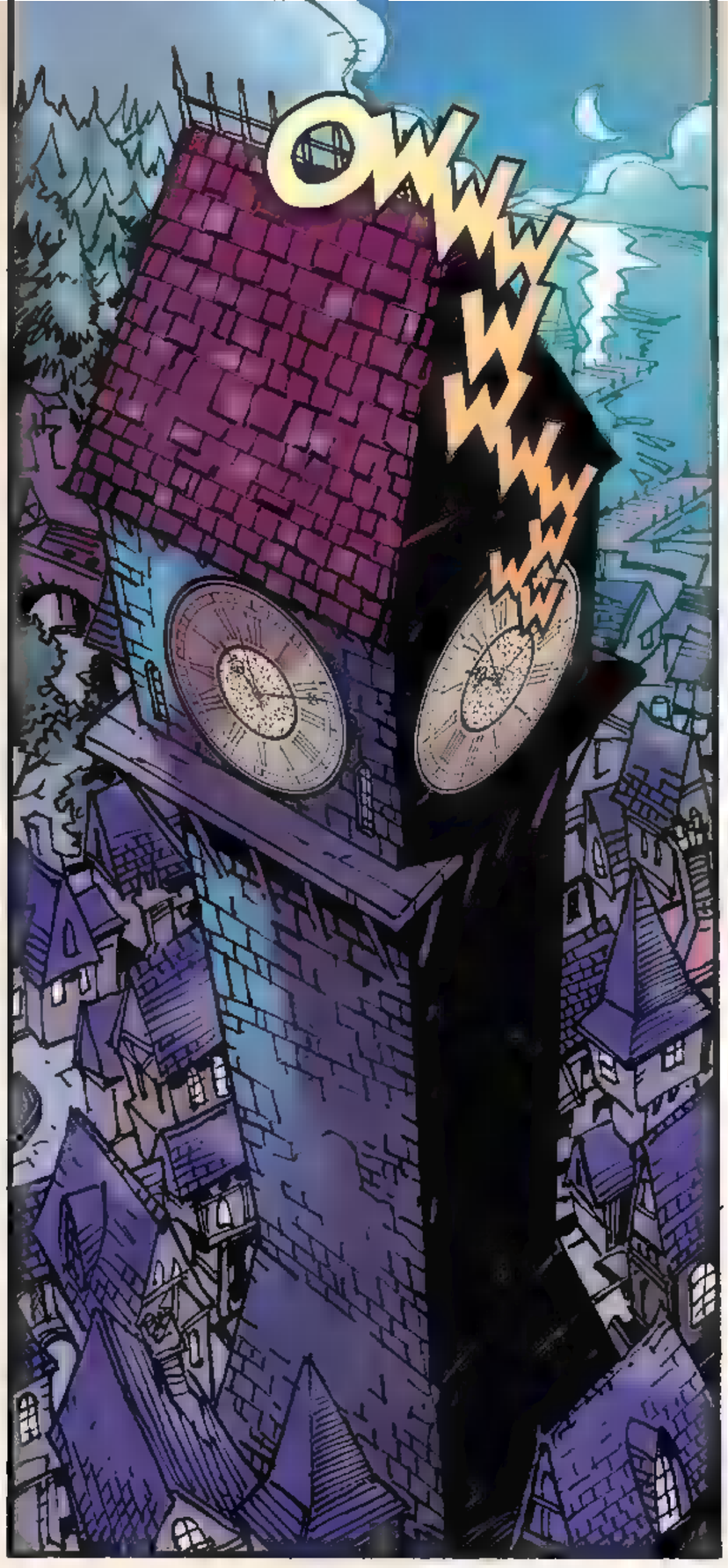
LYING SHIFTIES GET BURNED AND BEATEN.

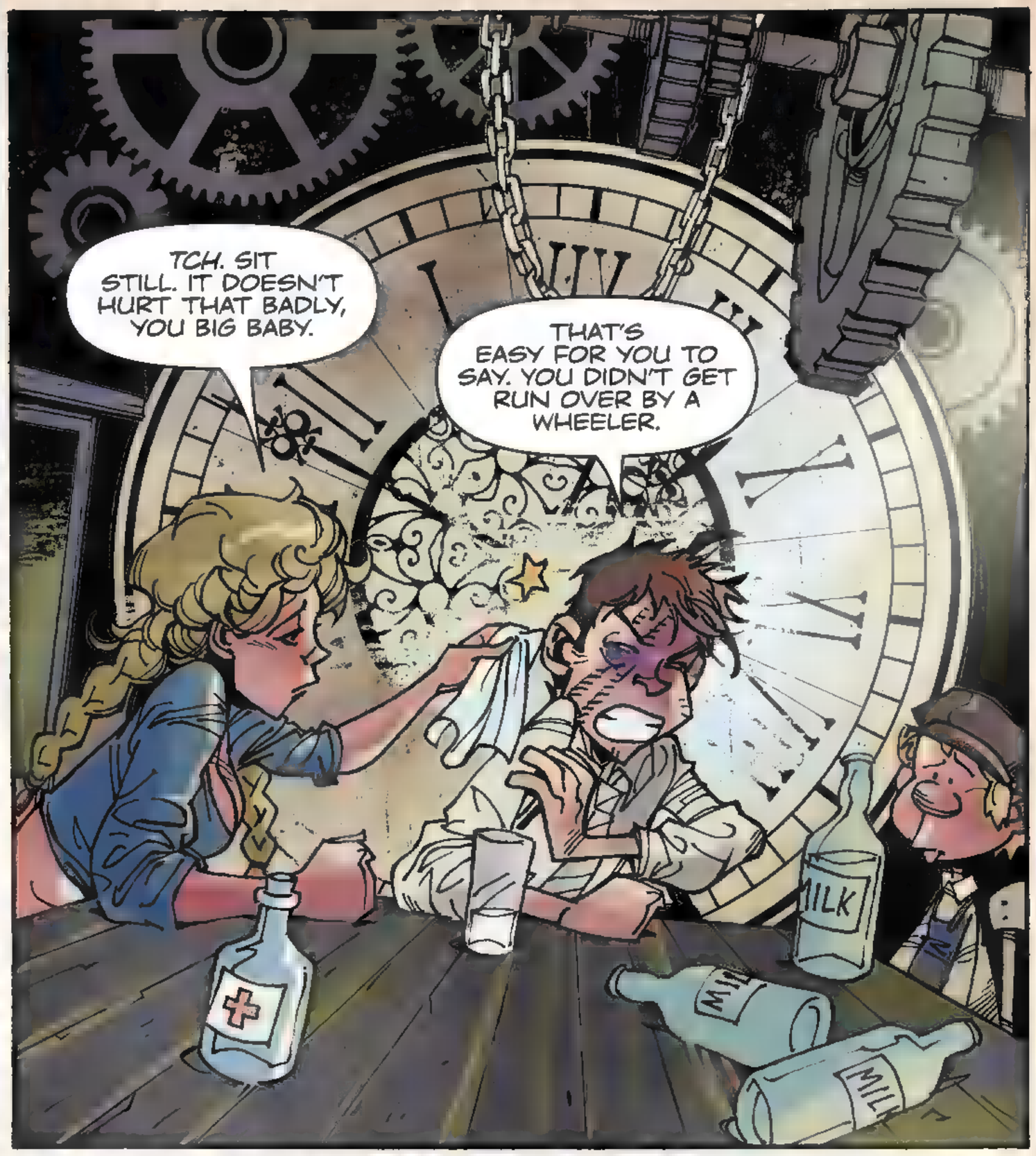
IT'S NOT A LIE. I GOT INSIDE INFORMATION THAT THE QUEENS AND THE WITCHES ARE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.

THE WHITE QUEEN HERSELF IS INVOLVED. I THINK IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH AN *EGG--*

WHAT--? *HEY!*

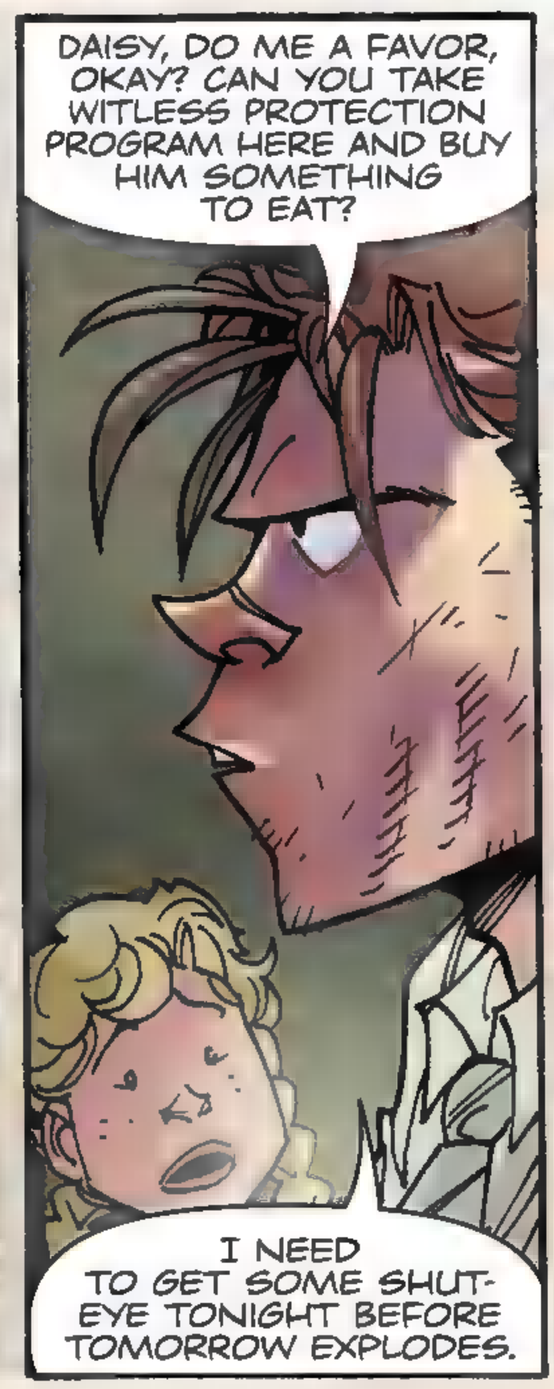
NOW WHAT WOULD A LOWLY DETECTIVE LIKE YOU KNOW ABOUT EGGS?

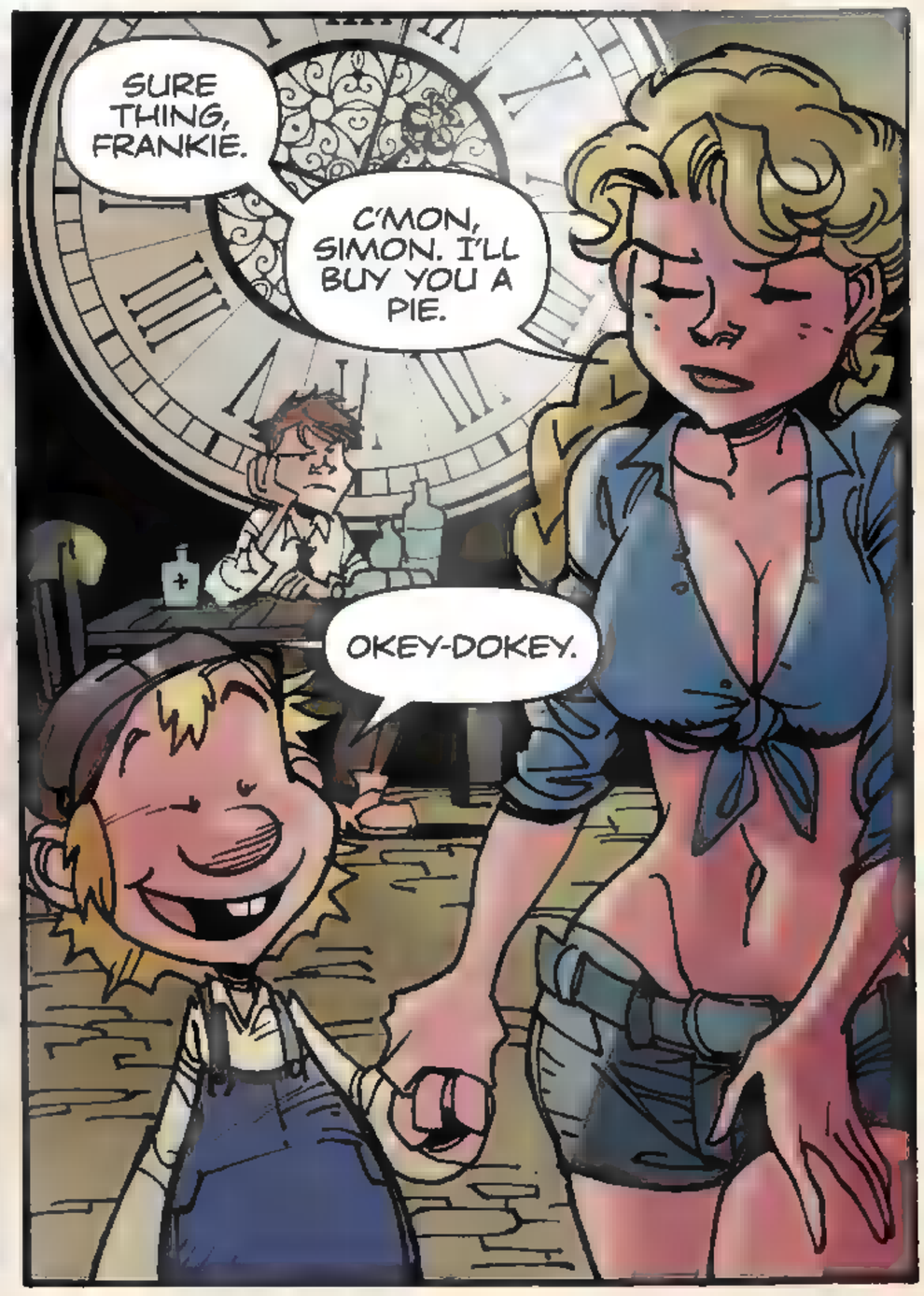

OW


TCH. SIT STILL. IT DOESN'T HURT THAT BADLY, YOU BIG BABY.
THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY. YOU DIDN'T GET RUN OVER BY A WHEELER.
MILK

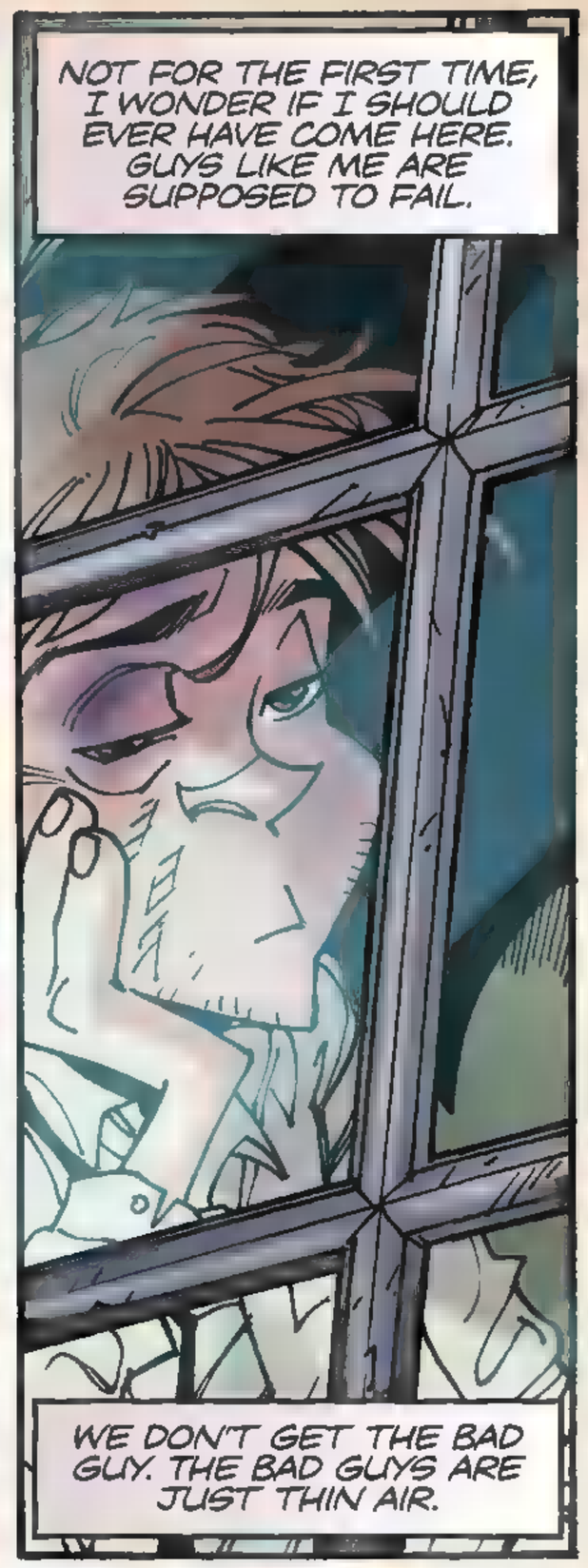
ALL I KNOW IS I'M ONTO SOMETHING, DAISY. THE MOMENT I MENTIONED THE EGG, DOTTY AND HER BOYS SPENT THE NEXT TWENTY MINUTES PERSUADING ME I SHOULD *FORGET* ABOUT IT.
MILK

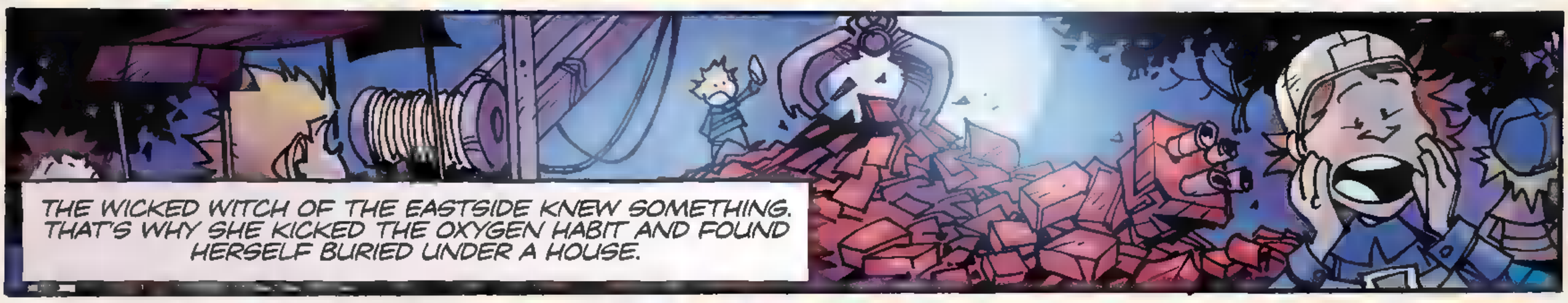
RIGHT. SO. I KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND AN EGG. WE JUST PUT ONE IN JAIL. I BOOKED HIM IN MYSELF.

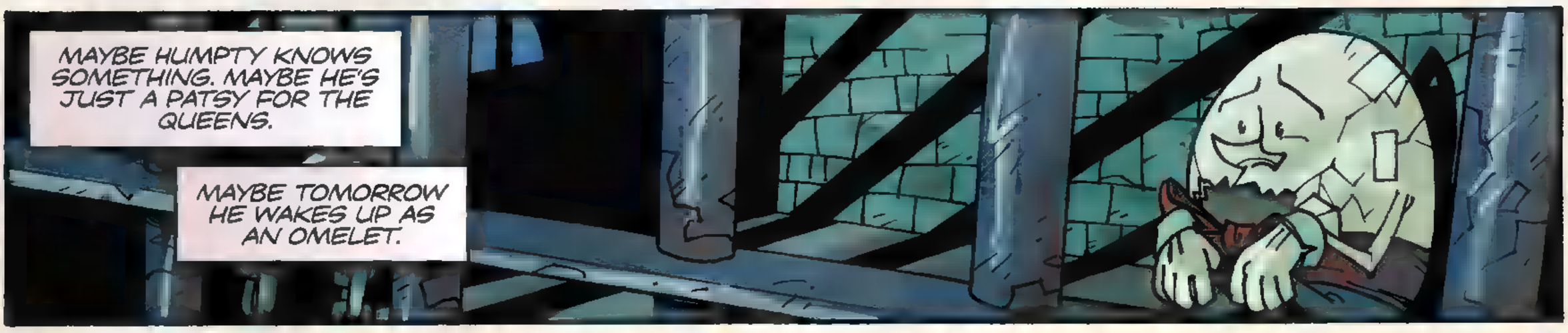

DAISY, DO ME A FAVOR, OKAY? CAN YOU TAKE WITLESS PROTECTION PROGRAM HERE AND BUY HIM SOMETHING TO EAT?
I NEED TO GET SOME SHUT-EYE TONIGHT BEFORE TOMORROW EXPLODES.

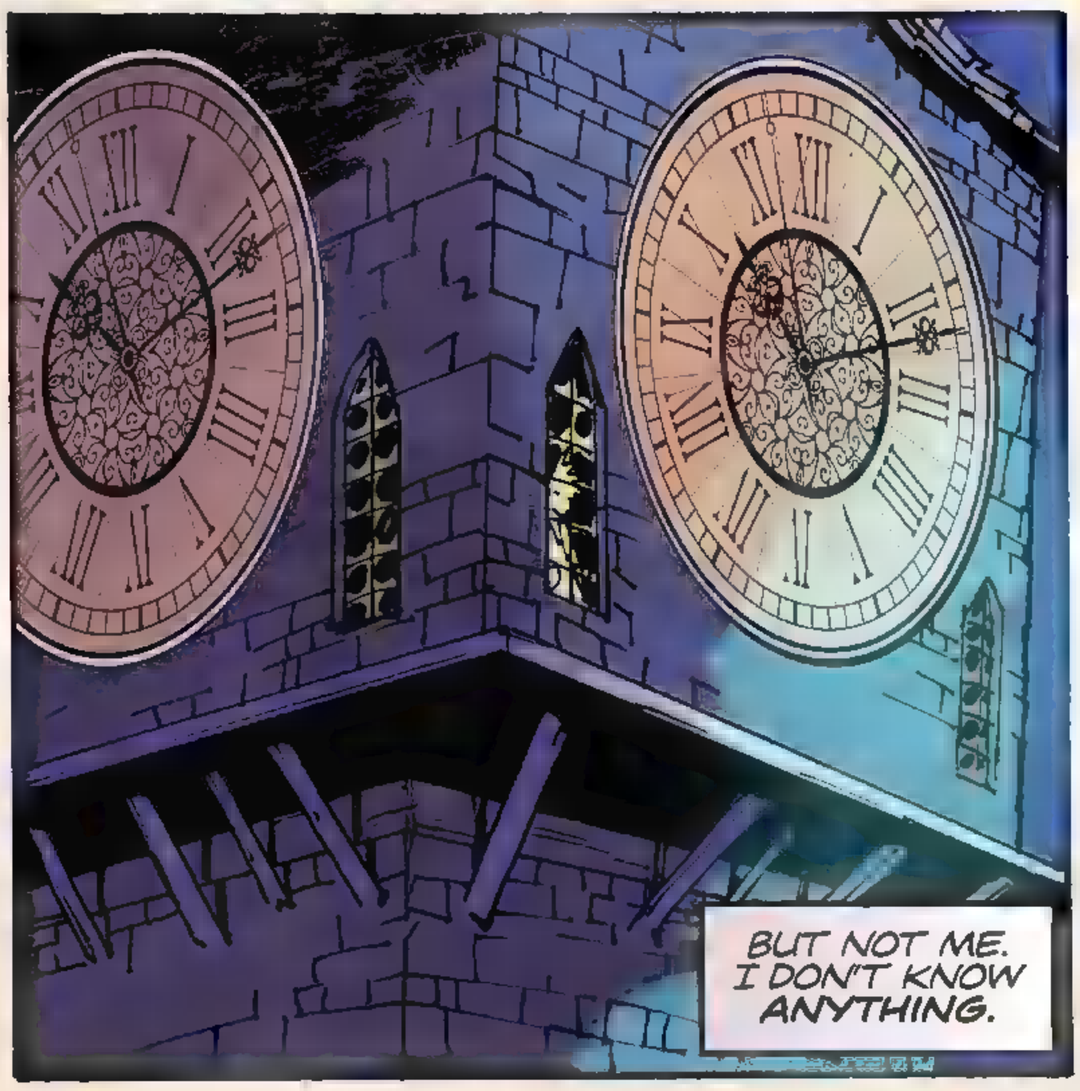

SURE THING, FRANKIE.
C'MON, SIMON. I'LL BUY YOU A PIE.
OKEY-DOKEY.

THERE'S SOMETHING WICKED OUT ON THE STREETS OF RIMES.
SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE KNOWS THE TRUTH. BUT THAT SOMEBODY LIVES IN THE SHADOWS, FAR AWAY FROM PRYING EYES.


NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, I WONDER IF I SHOULD EVER HAVE COME HERE. GUYS LIKE ME ARE SUPPOSED TO FAIL.
WE DON'T GET THE BAD GUY. THE BAD GUYS ARE JUST THIN AIR.


THE WICKED WITCH OF THE EASTSIDE KNEW SOMETHING. THAT'S WHY SHE KICKED THE OXYGEN HABIT AND FOUND HERSELF BURIED UNDER A HOUSE.


MAYBE HUMPTY KNOWS SOMETHING. MAYBE HE'S JUST A PATSY FOR THE QUEENS.
MAYBE TOMORROW HE WAKES UP AS AN OMELET.


BUT NOT ME. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.

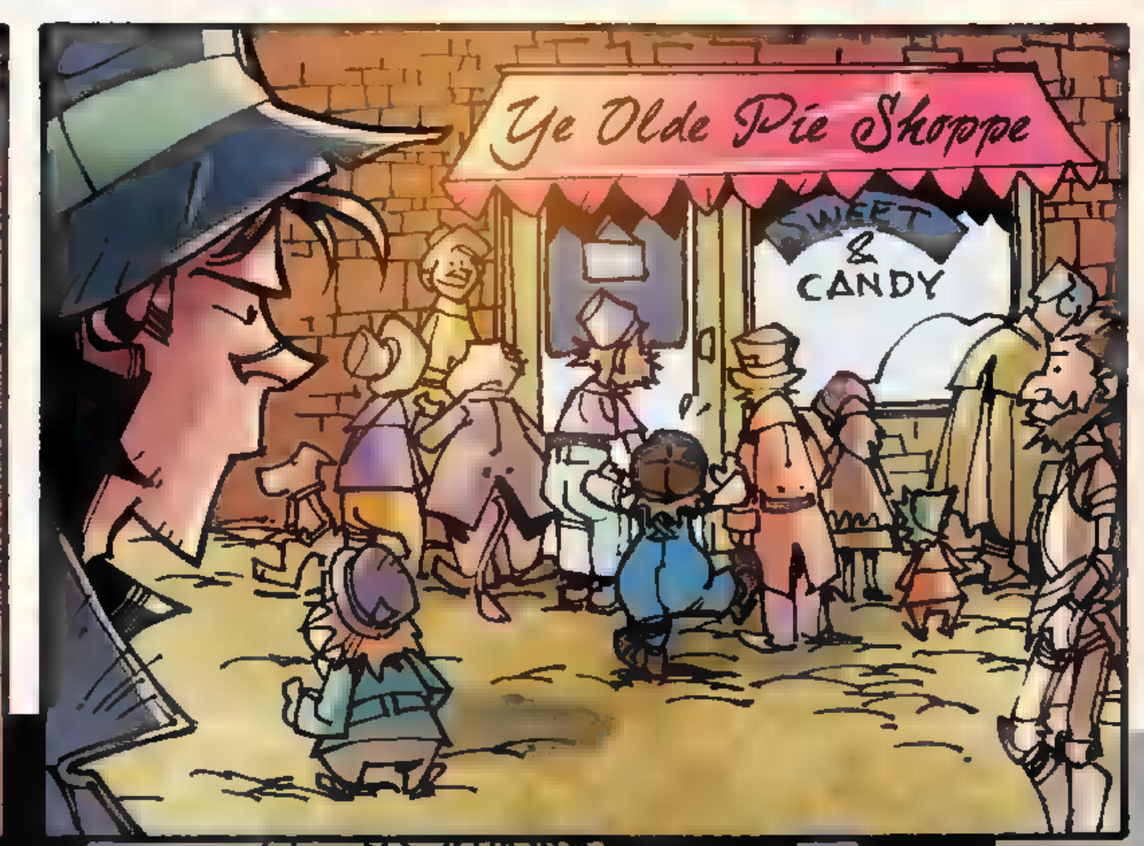
AN' SOMETIMES, I THINK I NEVER WILL.

Hickory Dickory
Dock
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WELL, YOU KNOW HOW THE CROOKED MAN TOLD US NOT TO TALK TO ANYONE ELSE AND TO CLOSE THE CASE ON HUMPTY?

WE'RE GOING TO COMPLETELY IGNORE HIM AND GO TALK TO SOMEONE.
OKEY-DOKEY.

NOW HERE'S THE THING: I'M GONNA NEED PIES. AT LEAST TWELVE. YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT FOR ME, SIMON?
OO-ARR! I'M GOOD AT PIES! I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A PIE SHOP!

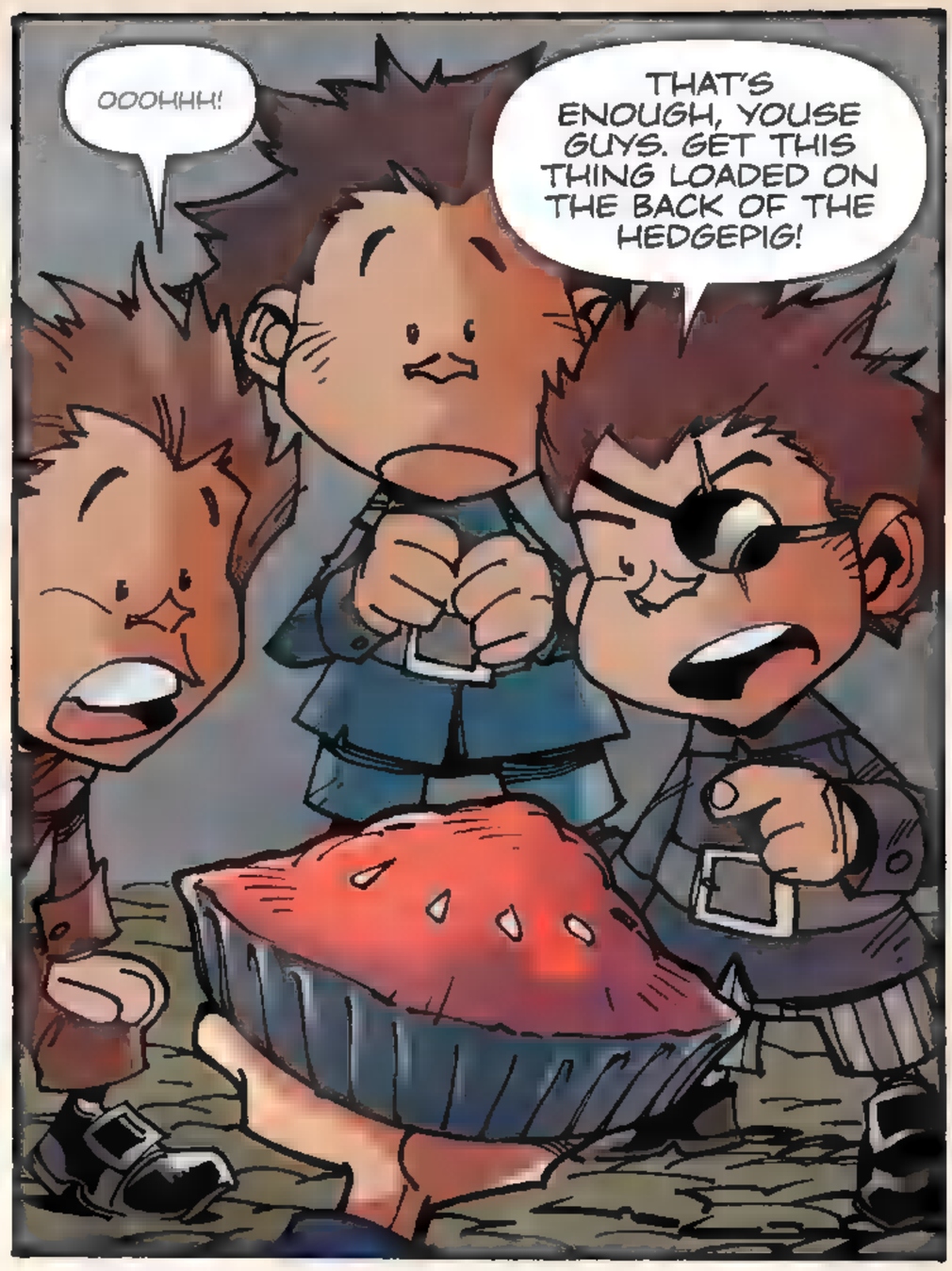
GOOD. REMEMBER, NO MORE THAN TWELVE AND NO LESS THAN THIRTEEN, OKAY?
GOT IT!

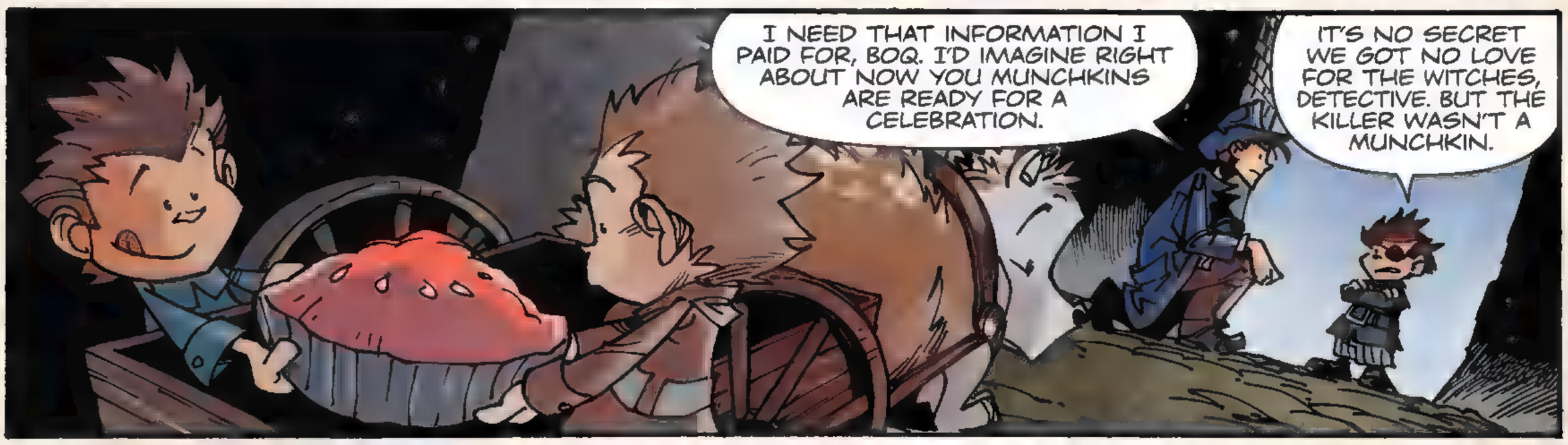

Ye Olde Pie Shoppe
SWEET & CANDY

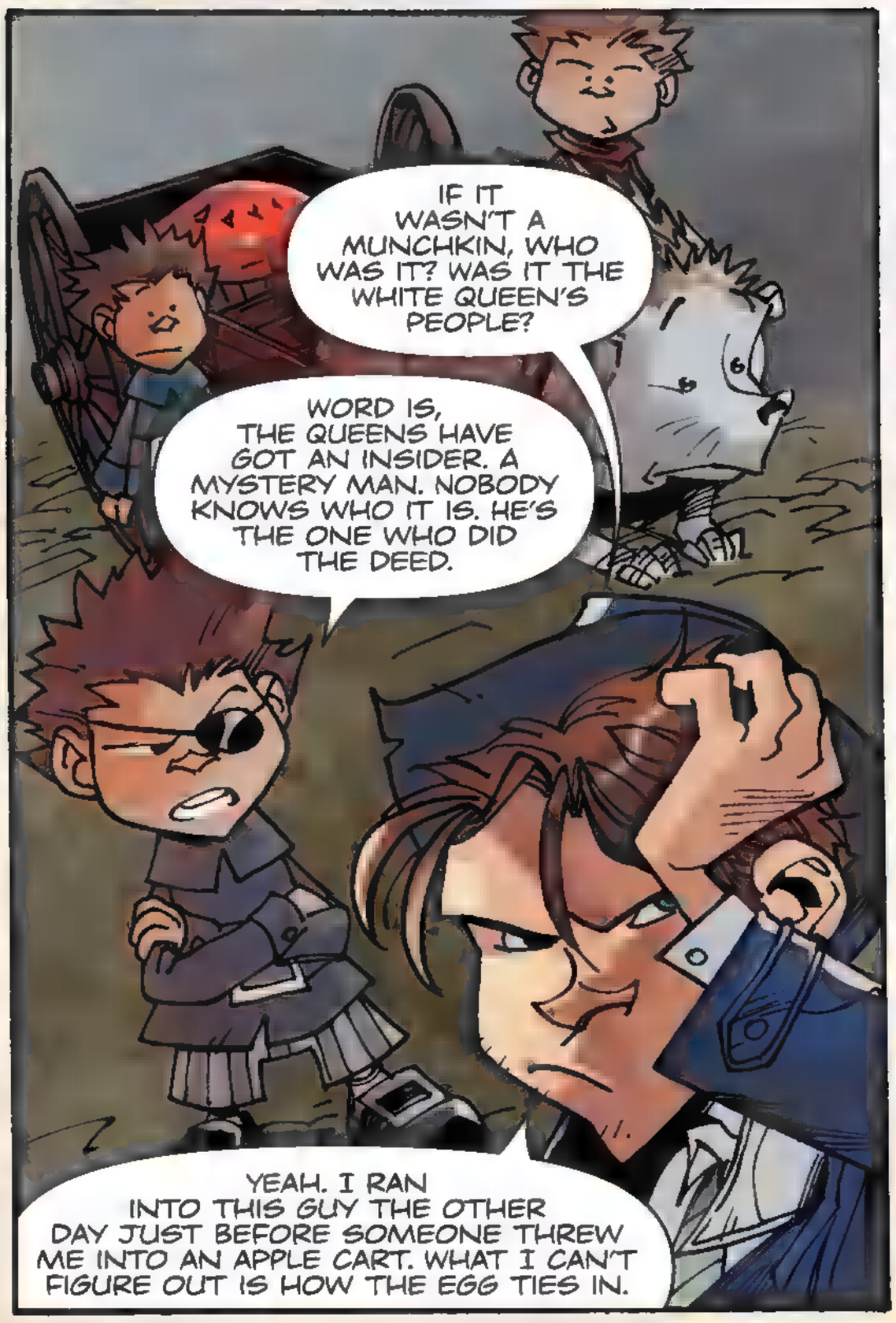
YOU CAME ALONE, I SEE. DID YOU BRING US ANY GOODS?
I BROUGHT SOMETHING YOU'LL LIKE. THIS'D BETTER BE WORTH IT.

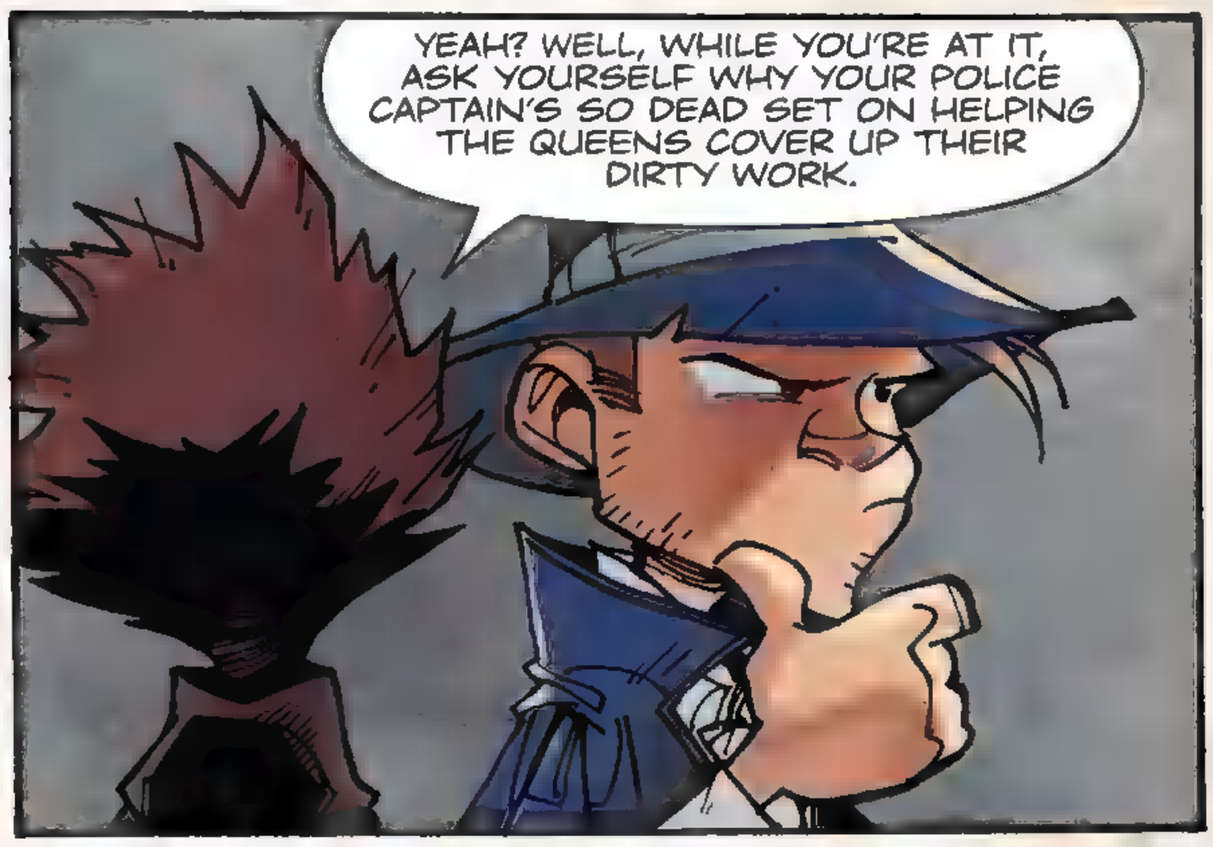
TRUST ME, DETECTIVE.
IT'S A DOOZY.

'KAY, WELL... HERE YOU GO. ONE OF THE QUEEN'S RASPBERRY TARTS. DON'T ASK ME WHERE I GOT IT.


OOOHHH!
THAT'S ENOUGH, YOUSE GUYS. GET THIS THING LOADED ON THE BACK OF THE HEDGEPIG!


I NEED THAT INFORMATION I PAID FOR, BOQ. I'D IMAGINE RIGHT ABOUT NOW YOU MUNCHKINS ARE READY FOR A CELEBRATION.
IT'S NO SECRET WE GOT NO LOVE FOR THE WITCHES, DETECTIVE. BUT THE KILLER WASN'T A MUNCHKIN.


IF IT WASN'T A MUNCHKIN, WHO WAS IT? WAS IT THE WHITE QUEEN'S PEOPLE?
WORD IS, THE QUEENS HAVE GOT AN INSIDER. A MYSTERY MAN. NOBODY KNOWS WHO IT IS. HE'S THE ONE WHO DID THE DEED.
YEAH. I RAN INTO THIS GUY THE OTHER DAY JUST BEFORE SOMEONE THREW ME INTO AN APPLE CART. WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS HOW THE EGG TIES IN.

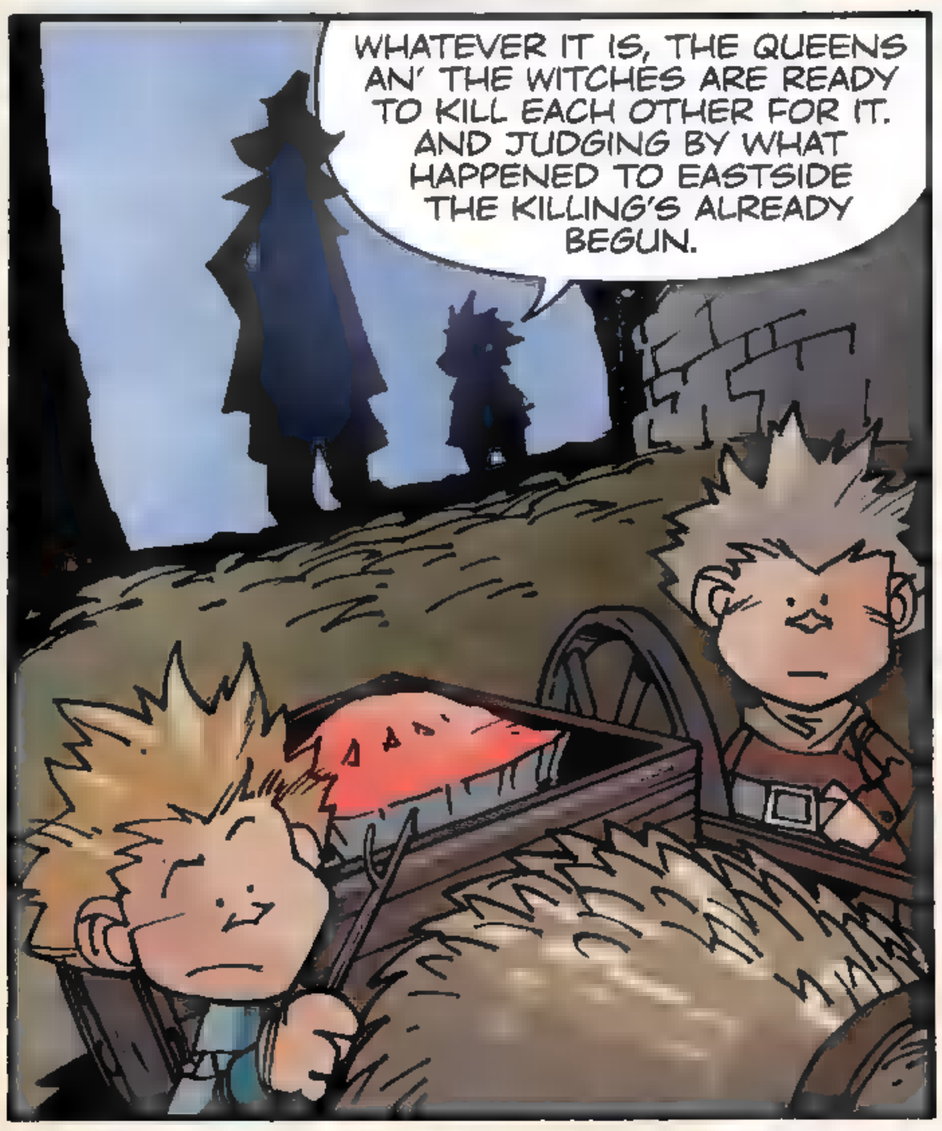

YEAH? WELL, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, ASK YOURSELF WHY YOUR POLICE CAPTAIN'S SO DEAD SET ON HELPING THE QUEENS COVER UP THEIR DIRTY WORK.

WAITAMINNIT... ARE YOU TELLING ME TOM THUMB IS A MUNCHKIN?

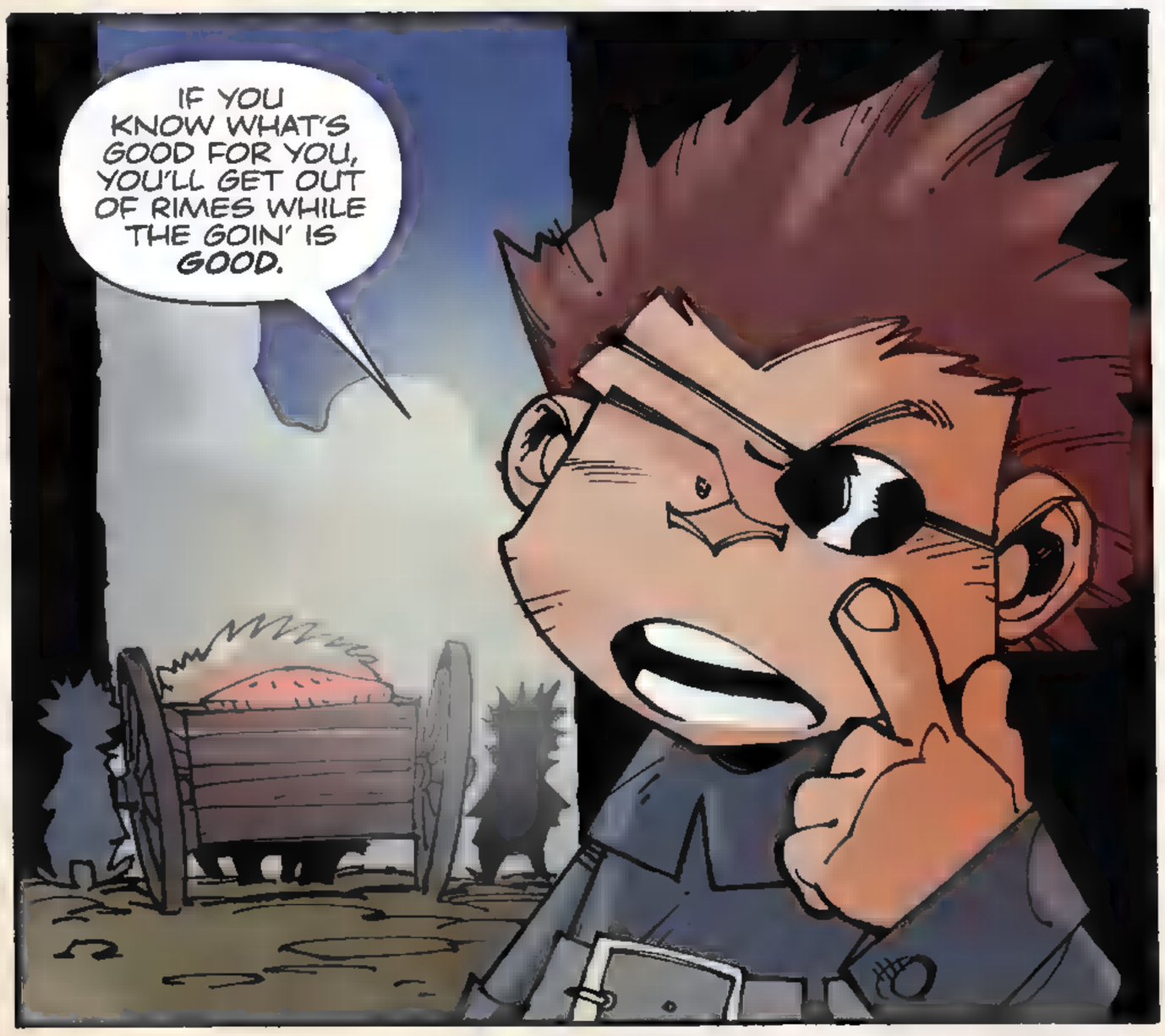
OKAY, BOQ... HOW ABOUT WE RUN THROUGH THIS ONE AGAIN. YOU'RE SAYING TOM THUMB IS A *MUNCHKIN?*

YEESH...WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE? OF COURSE HE'S A MUNCHKIN! HE HATES THE WITCHES! WHY ELSE D'YOU THINK HE'S SIDING WITH THE QUEENS?

I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS I ALWAYS ASSUMED HE WAS ON THEIR PAYROLL.
SPARE ME. TOM THUMB DOES WHATEVER THE CROOKED MAN TELLS HIM TO DO. AND RIGHT NOW, THE CROOKED MAN IS LOOKING FOR THE EGG.
EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT THE EGG. IT'S JUST THAT NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE EGG REALLY *IS.*


WHATEVER IT IS, THE QUEENS AN' THE WITCHES ARE READY TO KILL EACH OTHER FOR IT. AND JUDGING BY WHAT HAPPENED TO EASTSIDE THE KILLING'S ALREADY BEGUN.

SKY'S GETTIN' DARK AROUND HERE, FRANKIE. DARK DAYS ARE COMING, YOU MARK MY WORDS.

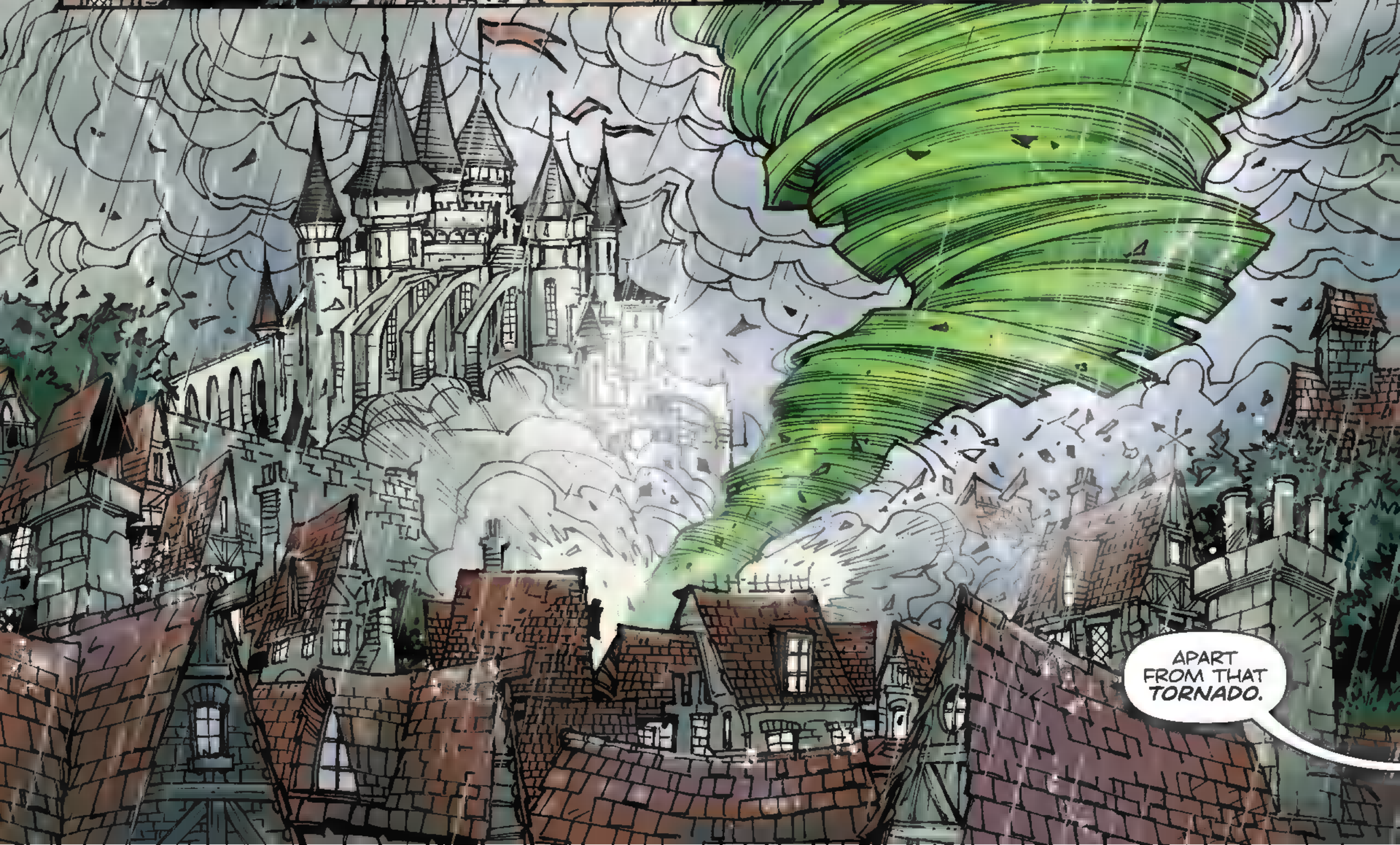

IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL GET OUT OF RIMES WHILE THE GOIN' IS *GOOD.*

I COULDN'T GET LESS THAN THIRTEEN AND MORE THAN TWELVE, FRANKIE. SO I BOUGHT A BAKER'S DOZEN INSTEAD.
WHERE'D YOU GO?

OH, UH... I WENT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A DOG. NOT LITERALLY.
THAT SOUNDS NICE. HEY, WOULD IT BE WEIRD IF I TOLD YOU NOT TO LOOK UP?

WHAT? WHY NOT?
UHM. NO REASON.

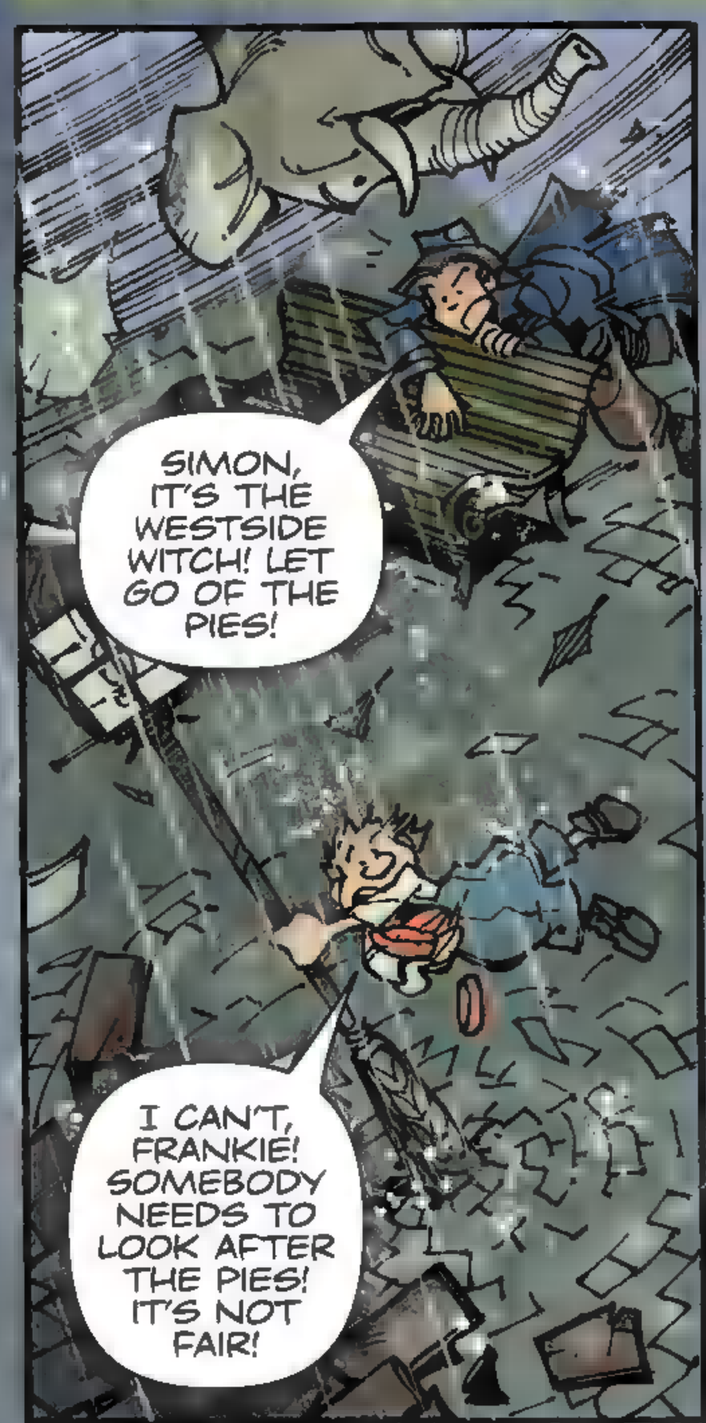
OH BOY.

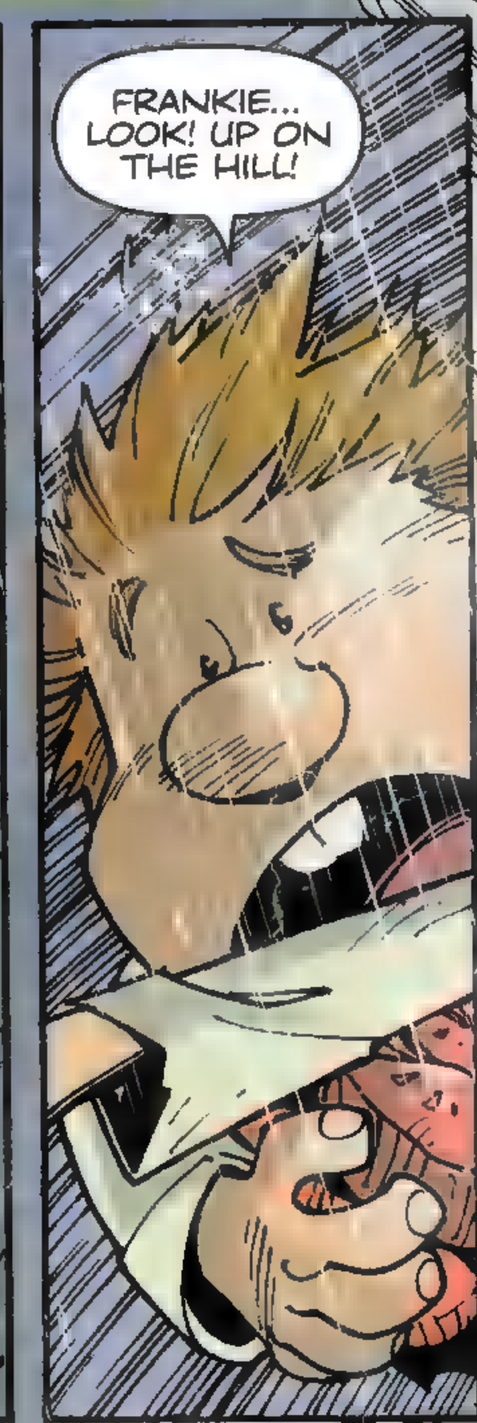

APART FROM THAT TORNADO.

SIMON, WE GOTTA GET OFF THE STREET!
WHAT ABOUT THESE PIES?

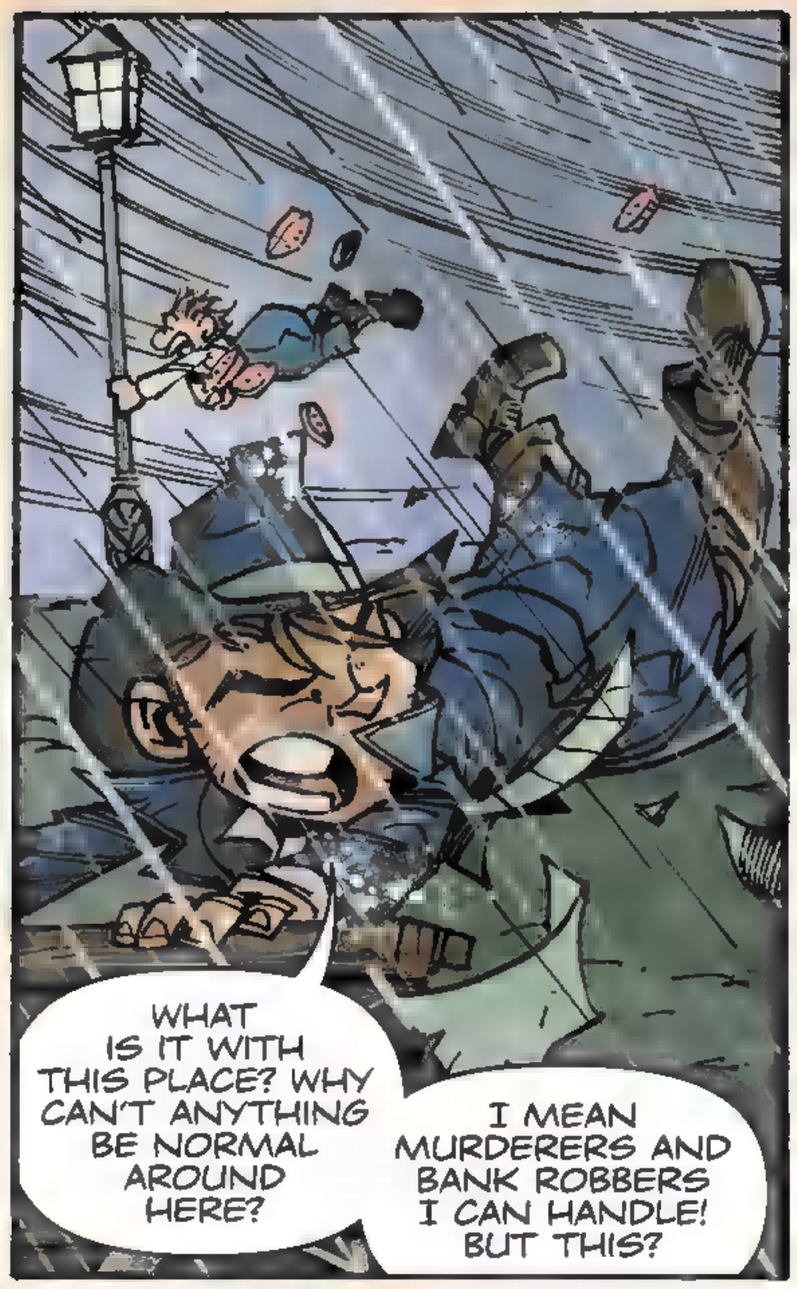
FORGET THE PIES!
BUT I CAN'T! THEY'RE PIES! I'M SCARED, FRANKIE!

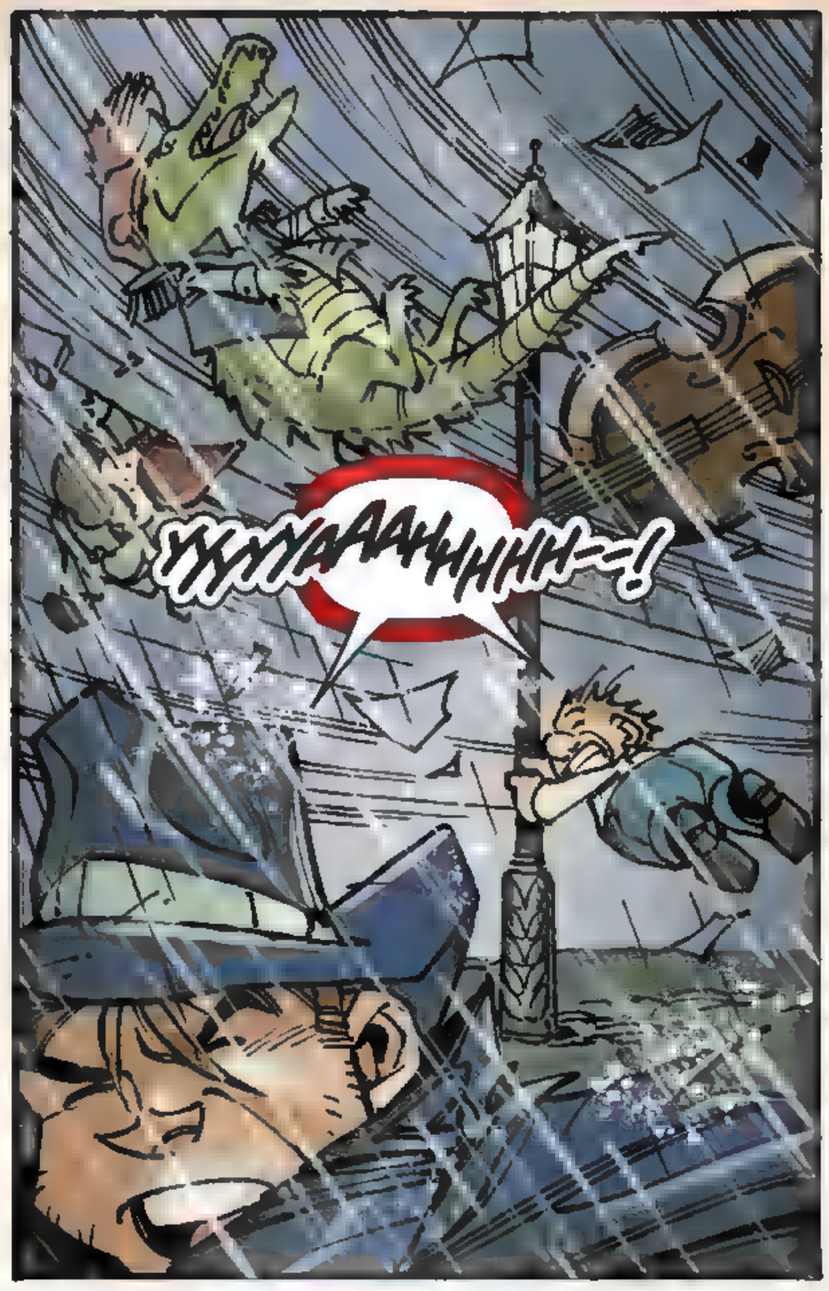
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!


SIMON, IT'S THE WESTSIDE WITCH! LET GO OF THE PIES!
I CAN'T, FRANKIE! SOMEBODY NEEDS TO LOOK AFTER THE PIES! IT'S NOT FAIR!


FRANKIE... LOOK! UP ON THE HILL!

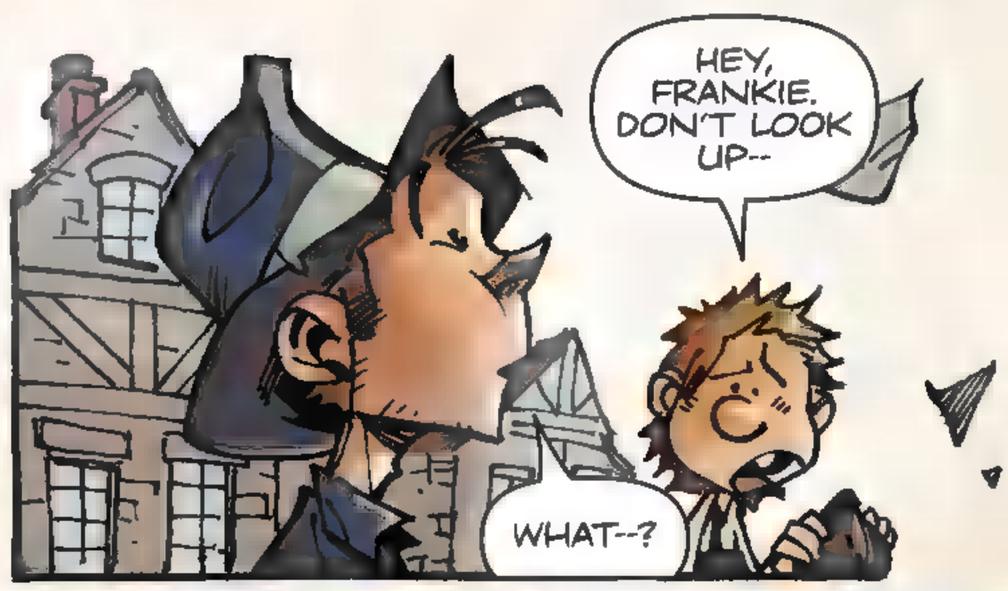
KRRAAAAANCH

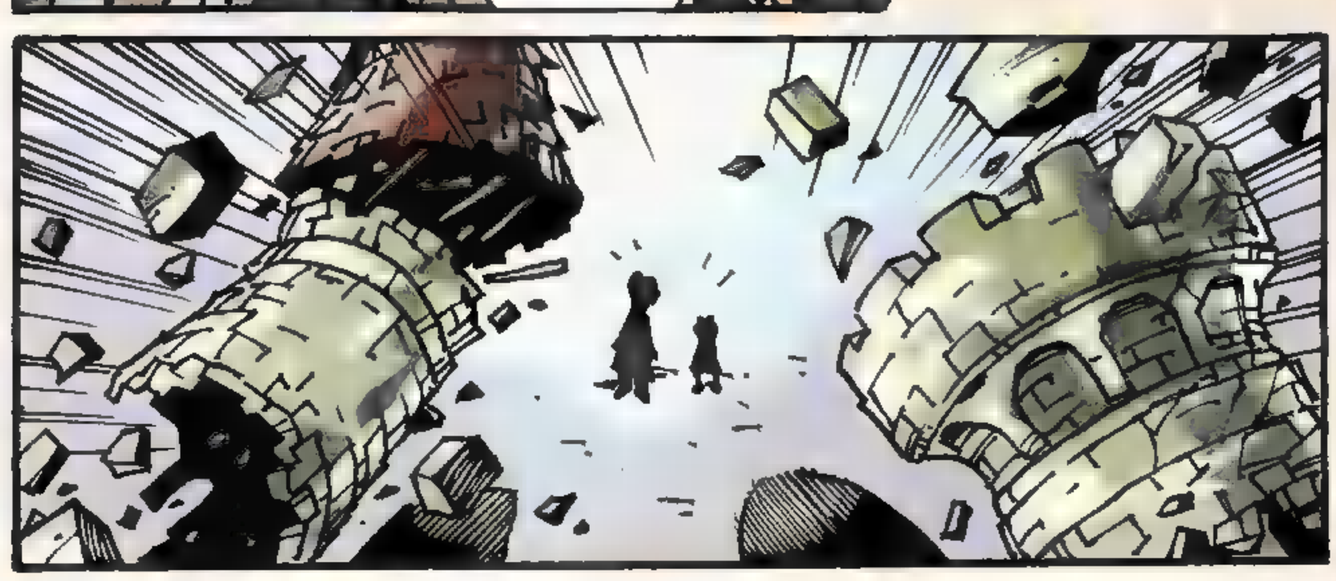

WHAT IS IT WITH THIS PLACE? WHY CAN'T ANYTHING BE NORMAL AROUND HERE?
I MEAN MURDERERS AND BANK ROBBERS I CAN HANDLE! BUT THIS?


YYYYAAAHHHH--!

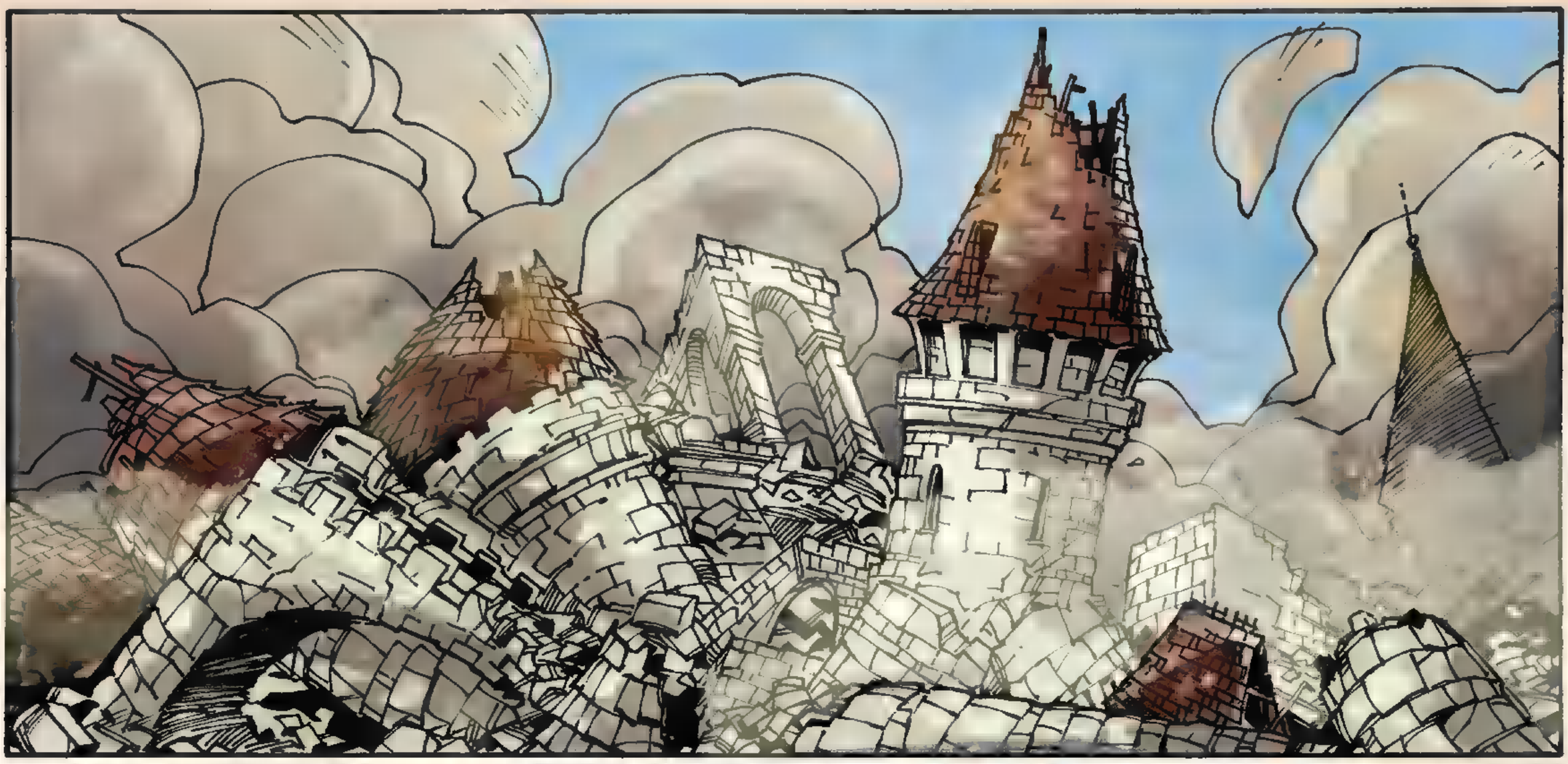
WHUMP

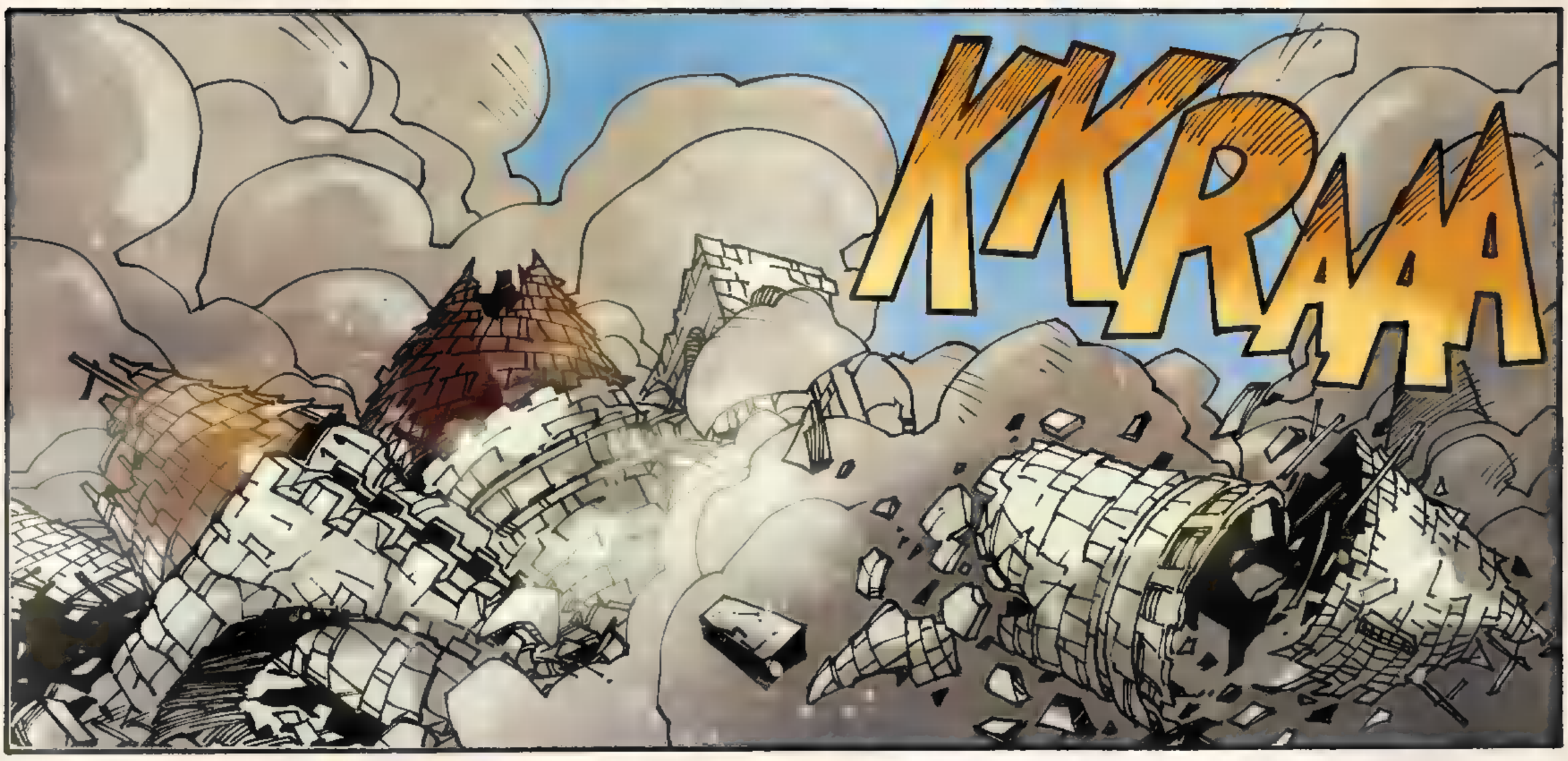
WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW. IT JUST STOPPED.


HEY, FRANKIE. DON'T LOOK UP--
WHAT--?



FWAAM





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